N. S. E.

Outdoor America

FEBRUARY, 1927

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

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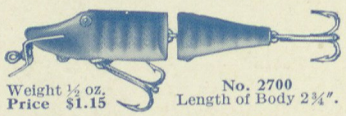

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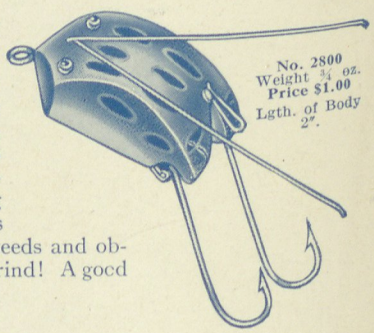

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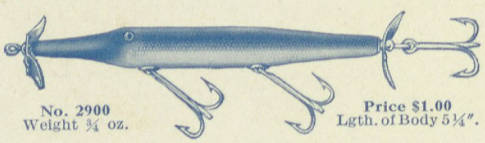

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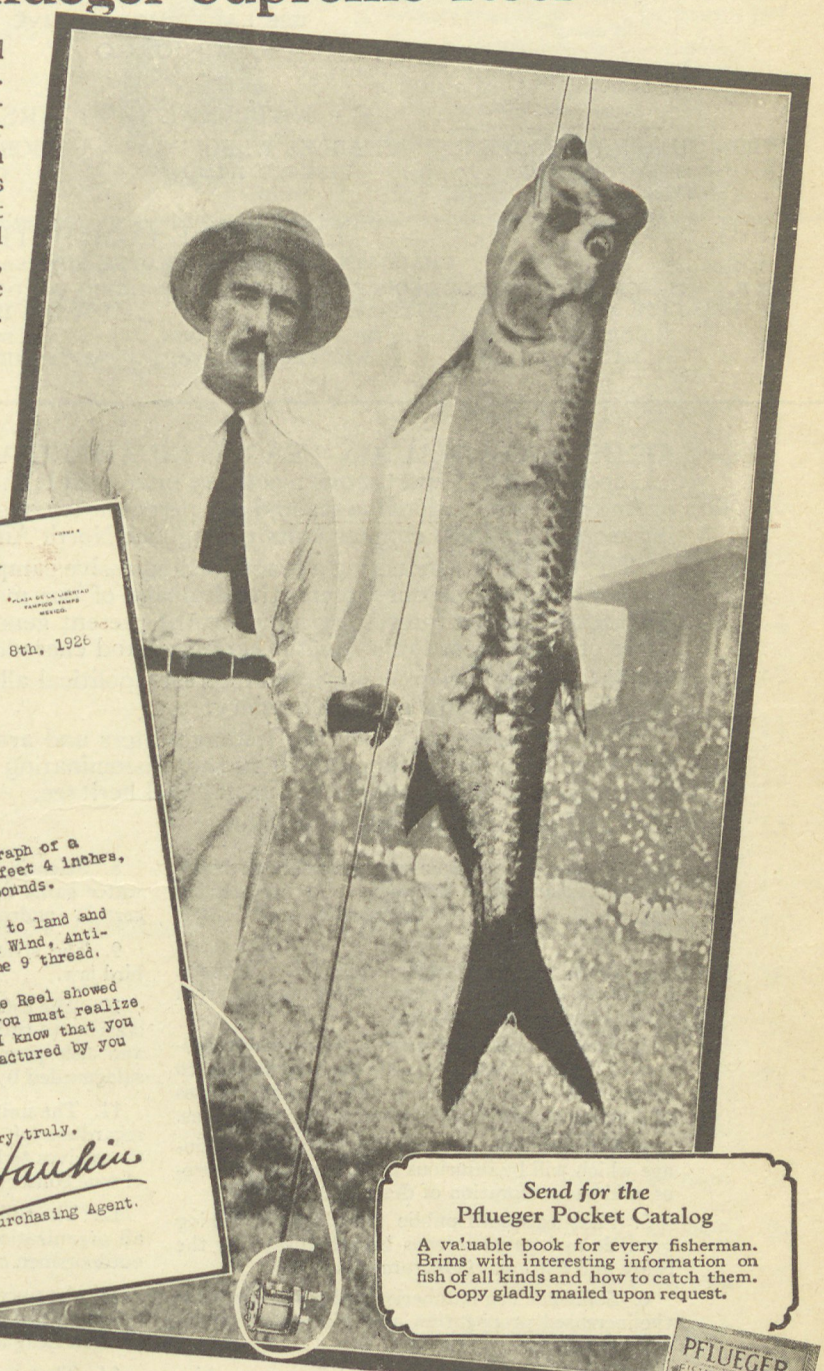

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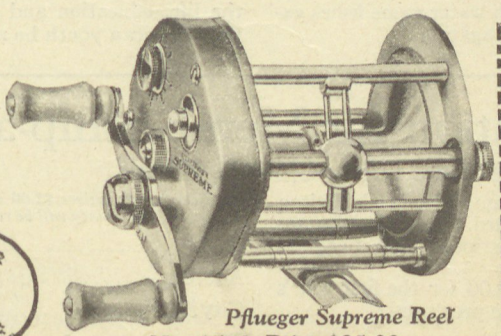

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Izaak Walton League of America

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 1927

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

Applicants may enclose $3.00 with application. If for any reason applicant is not accepted, money will be returned.

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Applicant for Membership-at-large not accepted if in a community where the League has a local chapter.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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IMPORTANT—If you move, send in your new address at once. Second-class mail will not be forwarded.

Drawn for Outdoor America by William Schmedtgen.

Vol. 5 No. 7

February Outdoor America 1927

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Pollution Campaign Progresses

Great interest is being shown in the League's national drive for pure water

By CHARLES W. FOLDS

National President I. W. L. A.

THE magnificent interest shown by our chapters in response to the pollution questionnaire recently sent them as a part of the Izaak Walton League's national campaign against pollution is indeed gratifying and proves that Waltonians are vitally concerned in providing pure water for their families.

Hundreds of letters have been received by the pollution bureau at national headquarters commending the work and requesting detailed information on the best method by which they can obtain the information asked for in the questionnaire.

Any number of chapters, as shown by their letters, have gone to great expense to get authentic data and have withheld sending in the filled-out questionnaire until their local survey is complete. This is very commendable and we appreciate the effort that is being made. However, in view of the need for haste as well as accuracy we are going to ask that all questionnaires be mailed to reach the pollution bureau not later than February 1st.

It is hard for the person not in actual contact with headquarters to picture the vast amount of detail work connected with a campaign of this kind—yet when you stop to consider the fact that thousands of people are members of this organization and all interested in the work, the mail alone is a difficult task.

The new bureau has written to every available source of information, federal, state, and city health departments for data to complete our files and these departments are cooperating with the bureau in a splendid manner. Within the next thirty days this bureau hopes to have the most complete file of information on water conditions of the United States ever compiled.

Outside interests are offering their cooperation and several large manufacturing corporations have written in for information on the best methods to utilize by-products now being wasted which are poisoning the streams.

One corporation has written us and given a detailed statement on the amount of money derived from the reclamation of waste. We propose to use an article at a future date on this project for it shows that the prevention of pollution can be made profitable for the manufacturer and consequently favorable to him.

In behalf of national headquarters I want to thank you for the splendid cooperation you have shown in this campaign and also to firmly impress upon you the necessity for getting your questionnaire in to the bureau by February 1st. We are on the right track, and with the interest you and your chapter have shown we are confident of early success.

I am sure every Waltonian realizes that the purification of our lakes and streams is the most important achievement we, as an organization, can accomplish for America's out-of-doors, as the rehabilitation of our recreational areas depends entirely upon the amount of interest we can create in their uses. Every enthusiastic outdoorsman is interested primarily in water and in the health and sport to be derived therefrom. Few, if any, popular resorts are located far from water of some kind and many hitherto popular places have become decidedly unpopular because of pollution, and those who were formerly enthusiastic about the region now go elsewhere to spend their vacation.

U. S. Department of Commerce
HERBERT HOOVER, SECRETARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE has become the greatest force in the country for the protection and development of opportunities for outdoor life. And we need more of it. We need every encroachment upon it stopped. As our people increase in numbers and in leisure we must have stimulation to health, and above all the moral value that comes from association with nature. Every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for this vital thing in the nation.

Herbert Hoover

The little box in the center of this page is an excerpt from a recent letter written to us by our honorary president, Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. It clearly indicates the high esteem in which your League is held by one of the country's leading executives.

We, as Waltonians, know that Mr. Hoover is right in his expression that every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for protection and development of outdoor life.

Your neighbor should know this. You should explain what we are doing and what we are trying to do for him and for his family. We need his support and it is only fair that we ask him to help. Why not go over and see him tonight? Show him what Mr. Hoover thinks of us and get him to enlist in the greatest force in America for the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, YOUR Izaak Walton League.

Slowly they toiled to the top.

Just An Old Pipe

A splendid yarn by a corking young writer

By RUTH MAE LAWRENCE

Illustrated by Edward J. Lund

THE woodsman stopped suddenly, and taking his pipe from his mouth stared at it speculatively. The city man, halting behind him on the barely discernible trail, glanced over his shoulder and grinned.

"Old relic on the war-path, George?" he bantered. "That's the third time this morning she's missed firing. Why don't you get a *pipe,* man?" His sarcastic tone held a hint of perverse glee.

George Bitney twisted his face in a wry smile. "See here," he mildly remonstrated. "I've had this baby for—"

"A million years," Bill Fiske interrupted. "Yes, sir, that's ma baby; no, sir, Ah don't mean maybe," he chanted derisively. "I expect it'll be a credit to its papa if it ever grows up."

"Oh, lay off! That's old stuff, Bill," the elder man told him, one eyebrow raised and the other lowered over his keen eyes. He tamped the tobacco with a thoughtful finger. "Must be that new tobacco," he stated.

"Of course, it's the tobacco! Can't be the pipe! George, all morning you've been fussing over that antique. Why don't you get a decent one? If you don't, I will," the younger man threatened.

The tall woodsman flicked a match with his thumb nail, sheltering the tiny spurt of flame in a cupped brown hand. He puffed contemplatively, wrinkling his forehead; and then, as his brow cleared, snuffed the match and threw it away. "Do you know where I got this pipe?" he asked as he resumed his easy stride.

"Ten cent store," the fleshy man behind him chortled as he struggled to keep pace.

The other stifled a tired smile before he replied. "No, Bill; but maybe William Spence Fiske got it there."

"Did Dad give that to you?" Bill Fiske demanded, stopping short in his astonishment. "Why, great grief! George, that was years and years ago when I was just a kid, about six or seven, I think, that he—" his voice trailed off.

The man before him stepped lightly onto a great half-charred rotting log, and turned to give his hand to the portly man scrambling up beside him. Grasping the younger man by the wrist, he dragged him, a dead weight, on top of the log. Balancing there, the young man swayed a little as he brushed the red dust of the rotting fir from his golf pants. The elder man steadied him with a quick touch on his arm. The young man, as he straightened, drew a long, deep breath.

Bill Fiske stood there, thinking of the quiet, self-possessed man at his side. Until the previous night, he had never met the man who was his dead father's staunchest friend: yet, all his life, he had heard vague rumors of the "Old Man of the McKenzie." A month ago, glancing over old letters to the father whom he had but barely known, his interest had been rekindled by a letter whose envelope bore the notation in his mother's fragile handwriting. "He held this when he died." Vivid, the words came again to him . . . "Dying, Bill? And the doctors say there is no hope? Man, there's always hope . . . if not in this life, in the next . . . This is no time for eulogies. I know that, Bill. Friend's don't praise each other: they just *feel;* and Bill, I'm doing that. . . . As for your small son, may he love the things his father did; uphold those ideals his father upheld; dream the dreams his father dreamed. May he not be the echo of your life, but the continuation of it. . . ." Thus had George Bitney, philosopher and essayist, written to his friend in the hour of travail and bitter hopelessness.

The son, self-satisfied, complacent in his remarkable success, had been shaken by its simple eloquence. Writing an effusive letter, inviting the illustrious author to spend a month with him at his summer home, he had answered by a laconic, "Better come here." William George Fiske, banker, had eagerly accepted the suggestion, and telegraphing the expected time of his arrival "if convenient to you," had again been answered tersely, "Come along."

Here, beside him on the crumbling log, lithe and lean, unconsciously straight though visibly relaxed, stood the man who had met him in the soft twilight of the preceding evening: the man who had gripped his hand in a clasp that made pudgy fingers ache far into the night. A quiet, low voice had assured him that he was welcome. A steady, musing gaze had held his curious one until he, so self-possessed and confident, had stammered like a school-boy. He had called this man "Mr. Bitney," until he had been commanded with an amused smile to say "George—as long as you don't call me 'The Old Man of the McKenzie' to my face." And this, this indescribable man, was the Old Man of the McKenzie.

"Tired?" the half-amused voice broke into his reverie.

The young man's good-natured face creased into its habitual smile. "No! No, indeed," he denied. "Just thinkin'."

Again his host smiled. "Good thing—thinking. Heartily approve of it myself, 'though I never do it." They both laughed; one gleefully, the other pensively.

"George, how old are you?" the banker asked abruptly.

The other stared blankly, then his brown eyes began to sparkle. "Lucky I'm not a woman, or you'd never find out," he said, his face straight. "I'm most fifty-five, Bill. Getting to be an old, old man." He heaved a mock sigh. "See all the white hair in my raven locks?"

Bill Fiske studied the author. "Just a few over your ears," he protested seriously. "Anyone seeing us together would sure think that only a few years separated us, instead of twenty-two. What keeps you so young, anyway?"

George Bitney shrugged his shoulders. "Well, flirting around with Dame Nature has a lot to do with it, I suppose." He swung easily off the log. The other man dropped heavily beside him, and gulped.

"Gee! Me for the elevator!" he cried, throwing his head back on his shoulders and looking at the perpendicular trail.

His guide laughed. "It is pretty steep," he admitted. "But it is only a mile to the top."

"A mile straight up!" Bill shook his head. "You ought to have an airplane. Do people really walk up there?"

"Some get down on their hands and knees and crawl," Bitney replied gravely. "We'll take our time at it, for you're not used to the altitude yet."

The city man looked reproachfully at his host. "May the thirty pounds I am about to lose be on your head," he lamented.

"Gosh, no! Anything but that, Bill," the other rebuked. He felt his head reflectively. "Seems to be quite fat enough already, thank you." He smiled. "I'll lead the way. If I go too fast, just holler."

"I'll do that with pleasure," Bill Fiske told him. "You're going too fast all the time. I'm soft yet. Haven't been out of the office for two years."

"Well, then, you're bound to have sore muscles some time or other on this jaunt. Better have 'em now, and get 'em over with," said the essayist over his shoulder and stepped up the steep slope with a cat-like swing. The other teetered after.

There was a hum in the vibrant air; a drowsy, contented sound that lulled the woodsman to half-closed eyes. The languid breeze was sweet and warm. The giant firs towered straight above the tangled underbrush—towered until they seemed to brush the few flecks of snowy clouds that lingered in the patches of cerulean heavens. The dark humus was springy underfoot. It flaked to an impalpable dust that half-choked the two hikers.

The woodsman climbed dextrously. His quick eye unconsciously studied the ground before him, and instantaneously his foot followed his judgment. The man behind him was breathing audibly. He lumbered after, his feet slipping, his arms clutching for the wayside bushes. Rocks rolled from beneath him, and crashed down the mountain-side gathering momentum and noise as they sped. Once he slipped and staggered onto both knees, and when he dragged himself erect, his leader was out of sight. He muttered under his breath, and scrambled upwards. The trail, now a red gash in the black humus, wound dizzily back and forth across the face of the mountain. Rocks jabbed forth just enough to catch the toe of the unwary climber and trip him. Several times he but barely saved himself from falling. Fir needles were thick under foot, giving a spicy fragrance to the suffocatingly sweet air. Rank on rank the great trees rose thickly around him.

"The Old Man of the McKenzie."

George Bitney was waiting for him at a right-angle turn in the path. Here had been a favorite resting-place for those who had passed this way. A solitary tree jutted at the corner. The mountain seemed to drop away from it, leaving it aloof from its brethren of the forest. There the great sentinel stood, a symmetrical finger projecting into the sky. The vivid green-black of the fir-needles, the deep red tones of the long, straight trunk, the graceful sweep of the high branches against the profound pellucid blue of the sky, and the insignificant figure of the man at the base of the tree, stopped the toiling climber.

Quietly, treading softly in the stilled temple, the novice wended his way up the aisle. The woodsman was still leaning against the mammoth fir. At the sound of hushed footsteps he turned, smiling faintly.

Bill Fiske gazed at him curiously. The expression on the essayist's face had been quickly smothered with fine reserve at the sound of his approach. It was not rapture: it had too much sadness for that. It was mingled with worship, and yet it was not all prayer. Still puzzling, he stood beside the woodsman and stared out at the view the other had been studying.

The woodsman was turning away, but he swung around sharply at the exclamation of the banker. "Maxfield Parish picture, eh?" he asked as Bill Fiske was still speechless. The frivolity of his tone was incongruous. He was hiding some unplumbed depth of emotion.

The banker nodded. "Only better," he amended.

The very brilliancy of the colors that composed the landscape—the immense sweep of green-black forest that brushed up to the jagged sky-line of huge mountains, with yet bluer mountains dimly discernible behind them; the royal blue of the clear sky, put to shame the masterful brush that had reflected them.

"Come along," said George Bitney impatiently. The young man turned to his mentor, still with a puzzled frown.

George Bitney climbed even more rapidly. Bill Fiske followed him, wiping a perspiration-streaked face with a red bandana. The path was abrupt. They clambered up stones piled in irregular steps.

"Much farther?" the younger man panted.

"Not so far," the woodsman flung over his shoulder. "The big fir is counted the half-way mark, but it is nearer two-thirds." He hurried on, stepping deftly from one great slab of rock to the next.

"Well," the tenderfoot stammered, and then hurrying to keep up with the elder man, decided to save his breath.

The sun was beating down on them with full force. The trail was leading over a bald expanse of rock, still going higher and higher. The rarefied air smarted the throat of the banker, and he coughed harshly. The woodsman stopped at the sound, and looked back at him.

"Cheer up!" he encouraged. "We'll soon be in the shade again."

"Well, I should hope so!" Bill despondently replied, pausing for breath. Drops trickled down his reddened countenance. The older man shrugged his shoulders, but his smile was kindly.

"How much of those thirty pounds have you already cast off?" he grinned.

"Oh, they've all gone long ago," Bill Fiske countered humorously. "I must be starting on the forty-first. Guess I can afford to lose them, though," and as he followed the woodsman, he opened the collar of his shirt. The white line of his unexposed throat was turning a dull red. His face was already sunburned.

The trail still led up and up. The two hikers toiled in the burning sun. The steep grade suddenly slackened, following under another grove of trees in a more leisurely fashion. Fiske noted that the underbrush was very sparse here, the large trees springing from almost bare ground. The cool shade was refreshingly grateful to him. He hopped over several fallen tree-trunks. The path was wide at this point, and George Bitney dropped back to his side.

"We're almost at the top now," the woodsman said cheerily. "Are you very tired?"

The younger man grunted unintelligibly.

The grove of deformed trees terminated in a few straggling bushes. The woodsman brushed through these, holding his cherished pipe safely in one hand. He stepped out onto a great slab of rock and waited for his companion. So far, he thought gratefully, the boy had played up to his expectations. For a lad that had never been in the woods the way his father had, he yet had a keen "woods-sense"; knew how to walk—clumsily and awkwardly, perhaps, but still he was on his toes; knew when and when not to talk; and he followed at the correct distance.

George Bitney studied his guest carefully as the latter blundered out of the bushes, one hand in front of his face. Bill Fiske stopped breathlessly, and again used the red bandana. He smiled guilelessly at the elder man, and the essayist nodded his head cordially. "Tired?" he asked.

"Some," the tenderfoot admitted. "But I can make it on to the top all right," he added.

"This is the top," the Old Man of the McKenzie shook his head and stepped forward, pointing. "See?" His companion followed, bewildered, at his heels. "Not too close," the woodsman ordered, clutching the banker's arm. "Bad breeze springs up every now and then," and he motioned to the great precipice almost beneath their feet.

The city man stared and stared, and then, dazed, dropped to a rock. He still rubbed instinctively with the flamboyant handkerchief.

The Old Man of the McKenzie filled his pipe and lit a match with fingers that trembled. He tossed the smoldering match to a rock and ground it beneath his heel. He lit another one and puffed at his pipe vigorously, but his attention was devoted to the banker. Bill Fiske just sat and looked.

Smashing against the ultra-marine sky were the Cascades. Smothering even the notched crests of the great mountains were the brooding firs. So thick were they spread that their pointed tips seemed to melt into the woof of the green-black blanket. The one relief from that undulating covering was the red gash of a precipice on a distant blue slope, quivering in the rarefied air. This was the Solitudes.

Bill Fiske leaned forward. The McKenzie River, a tiny fingerling, sauntered leisurely along the foot of the mountain on which he sat. Patches of white were startling against its vivid blue. These, then, (*Continued on page 73*)

The blood rushed to his head. He was nauseated and dizzy.

Hal G. Evarts — *His Page*

Hal G. Evarts,
noted writer and sportsman.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Evarts, who is known to every sportsman as one of America's leading writers, has a magnificent collection of outdoor photographs. He has agreed to contribute two full pages of these photographs for each issue of your magazine.—E. H. R.

Guddlin' for Trout

Many truly worth while commodities come from Scotland and this yarn is not the least of them. The cannie Scot, so Walt tells us, tickles his trout to death. Thus eliminating the necessity for purchasing fishing tackle.

By WALTER HENRY MACPHERSON

"Ye canna tak th' breeks frae a Heilan'mon"—Walt himself.

I WAS "roamin' in the gloamin'" on Princes Street in Edinburgh one lovely June evening in 1921 during the International Convention of Rotary, when I met an enthusiastic fellow-Rotarian who broke in on my observation of the passing stream of delegates and bonnie lassies with the exclamation: "Walt! Go to Dunning." "Why Dunning?" says I; thinking of that place near Chicago. "Why Dunning?" says he. "Because it's the quaintest little village in Scotland." Inasmuch as he had not visited any other Scotch village, he knew. But having found him a pretty good judge of other things Scotch, and remembering that I had promised Joliet Rotarians who had sent me over as their delegate, that I would not only bring them a report of the convention, but that I would report in full Highland costume, I thought it might be worth while to run into the country of my ancestors and get all the local color possible.

Even Princes Street is no place to talk over things Scotch, so we foregathered to a snug corner of the lounge of the North British Hotel, where his experiences could be recounted with the proper inspiration. Properly fortified with all the information I gathered from my friend I sallied forth next afternoon by way of Perth, from whence I got to Dunning by paying a wild "dunniewassal" Thirty "bob" to drive me seven miles, which he assured me was "nae sae deadly." I didn't even have the satisfaction of inducing him to throw off the traditional "sax pence."

I left my luggage at a quaint little inn, and following instructions of my friend, went in search of a forty-second cousin of his, by the name of Tulloch Cheyne. It was then about nine o'clock, but in that northern latitude as light as it might be in Illinois at six. I observed that all the buildings of the town, including the Kirk, and the Library, and Village Community Center and every humble cottage, were of hewn stone, in beautiful dimensions. Even the village police station was a thing of beauty, set in a little garden. Back of this station were "community gardens" with plots allotted to all who cared to cultivate them, and adjacent, public Tennis Courts, and a "green" where the time honored game of Bowling on the Green was in full swing.

I encountered the lone village "Bobbie," who upon inquiry as to where I might find Tulloch Cheyne, the artist directed me to the store of Cheyne's "brither-in-law," "Davi" Hurry, the village grocer. This was a welcome point of contact with an American touch, as I found in front of "Davie's" place a "Lizzie" with which he carried on his business of barter and exchange with the surrounding "Hielan" country. Here in turn I introduced myself and "cracked" about the weather and the "toon" and inquired again as to the whereabouts of Tulloch Cheyne. "Why, there he comes the noo, across the burn." And soon my much sought Artist hove in sight. Presently I was introducing myself as a friend of my Rotarian friend, Ernest Arnold, who makes the choicest "new England breakfast food" in all New England. Tulloch Cheyne proved to be a fine type of upstanding Scot, with all the native wit that has made Scotsmen loved the world round. (*Continued on page 72*)

Huntin' Snowshoes

No season is complete without a go at the old bunny. Some think him lowly game while others find him not so bad.

By HARRY BROCKWAY

I OFTEN wonder how many big game hunters, when disappointed in their annual hunt, or when for some reason or another they have been unable to take some long planned trip, have turned to the lowly bunny hunt for consolation.

It has been the writer's good or bad fortune these last few years to forego his trips to the big woods for deer, and it is at such times that the humble rabbit furnishes, as it were, a safety valve that enables one to work off some of that peculiar fever that attacks one every fall and winter. With a good gun and a few shells, plus a light lunch and the game bag, and for preference a light snow fall to show the tracks, and Mr. Bunny can furnish thrills galore. If one is fortunate enough to have a good rabbit dog the joy is complete. I have had many such hunts these last few years, and some long to be remembered enjoyable days afield. I have had dogs that would bring the rabbit to the gun, and others that seemed to think the proper thing to do was to hog the rabbit for themselves or drive it into the next township.

Last fall the rabbits appeared to be rather scarce, and to make matters worse, the only dog available, a cocker spaniel belonging to a hunter friend, suddenly disappeared just as the first few scattered snow flurries heralded the approach of good rabbit weather. Not to be deterred, however, one lovely sunshiny day, with just enough warmth to make it comfortable, and a few inches of snow to make things interesting, two other enthusiasts and the writer headed for the swamps and gullies where the snowshoe rabbit makes his home. Lots of you fellows, who have been there will know just how well these little fellows can hide up. Tracks —yes, there were tracks everywhere, and yet sometimes in an hour or so of traveling around not a rabbit was to be seen. As you pussyfoot along a saucy little squirrel starts to jeer at you and warns everything in sight of your approach, and just as you decide to put a scare into him there is an awful racket behind you and you turn just in time to see Mr. Rabbit do the disappearing act. With their winter coat of white fur, so well do they blend with the freshly fallen snow that one needs all the eyes that nature has given him to pick them out.

I had leaned my gun against a tree while I filled my pipe when, with a rush, a big fellow jumped from a clump of grass almost at my feet and was well out and going strong, when my little Ithaca gathered him in. The ice once broken, things seemed to come my way. I had gone but a hundred yards or so when I spotted one hunched up against a tree trunk. I approached within about six feet before he decided it was no place for him. Two rabbits the first hour, not so bad. I caught him at about twenty-five yards, and noticed the powerful ammunition was tearing things up so switched to trap loads, which I also carried and, by the way, the standard trap load and a sixty per cent barrel is just about right for rabbits.

My companions were also doing their share as the occasional boom, which drifted across on the quiet air, testified. As I mosied along a little gully two more jumped in quick succession and one turned two complete somersaults and decided to stay, but I lost the other. I followed to the top of the gulley over which he disappeared, but did not see him again. I did see a spiteful little weasel, however, which for some reason nature has provided with a white coat for protection, and I literally blew him to pieces. I wonder how many of our snowshoe rabbits succumb to the murderous instincts of this vicious little pest during a winter? Seeing they are so plentiful up in this North country of Ontario, the toll must be large. And yet in spite of the deadly (*Continued on page 71*)

The Black Bison

By MACKINLAY KANTOR

Thunder-drub in the midnight stars,
Blacker than black, and watery wild;
Poured in an arrowy tidal wave
Over the bars of the border gate,
Thunder-drub in the pushing rain!

Calf and ancient
Mothy and torn,
Thunder-drub to the bursting morn—
Scream in joy like a maddened child!
Cream of an ebony cauldron's hate
Boiling up from the Yellowjack,
Boiling the Blackfeet over and back.
Late—oh late, in a sodden drum—
Hoof on hoof and mane in mane
They rattle and thrum, they rumble and come!

Horned and woolly
Along the peaks
Stumbling out in the sunset's paint
To roar and tumble and die in the creeks;
And lift the buzzards' slathering beaks
In a joyful taint by a bushy wallow.
Over the years of ripening grass—
Bones in a hollow, bones in a hollow . . . .

Rattle and pound and thunder-drub
In a bearded ocean of sires and sons,
Drub in the wake of the smoking guns,
In a forest of bristling Pawnee spears!
Drown at last in a sea of dirt
And a puddle of hairy, steaming tears.
Thunder to heaven and back again
Thunder on mountain, thunder on plain . . . .
Up to the white fields' bony grass.

Shaggy and dusty,
Bruise. . . . beat . . . . pass . . . .

The Public Owns the Stream

Michigan Supreme Court decides famous Pine River Case in favor of the defendant

By CARL M. SAUNDERS

DECISION of the Michigan Supreme Court in the Appealed case of Frank Collins vs. Gideon Gerhardt is final so far as Michigan is concerned. Carried to the highest state court by the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, the case involved the right of the public to fish in navigable streams. The decision is a victory for the public as represented by the Walton League.

The law of 1891 giving to the public the unrestricted right to fish in all navigable or meandered streams is upheld. The owner of lands adjacent to such streams owns the land to the thread of the stream; but though he may close his upland holdings to the public, he cannot bar the fishermen from wading or floating down the stream itself.

Now a fisherman can wade the Pine in peace.

This ruling applies, not only to the Pine River which is a tributary of the Big Manistee and is recognized as one of our finest trout streams, but also to similar streams in the state. It applies presumably to the Pere Marquette, the Little Manistee, the White, and the Boardman, The Rapid, The Pigeon, The Black, The Ausable, and their like, since the proof of navigation which was submitted by the angler's attorneys in this case holds equally good for these similar waters.

Except for the determination of the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League to protect the rights of sportsmen this case undoubtedly would have been lost by default in the Circuit Court where Judge Fred S. Lamb of Cadillac, taking the case into his own hands after the jury had held against the land owner, found Gerhardt, the defendant, guilty of trespassing on Collins' land while wading down the bed of the river fishing. Had the case thus gone by default through failure to carry it to the higher courts, the precedent would have stood that fishermen may be barred from such streams as the Pine.

Most Michigan owners of land adjoining trout streams were not in sympathy with the complaint in the trespass case. Most of them want for themselves the privilege of fishing in other streams than their home waters and are sportsmen enough to want others to enjoy the sport of angling. The old tradition of fishing in Michigan is that of the open range. Scores of clubs along famous streams welcome other anglers, not only in the adjacent waters but permit them to enter and take out at their properties. The "No Trespass" sign which has come near to ending the open hunting range has been unknown to Michigan fishing until introduced by Mr. Collins.

In its judging of this case, the Michigan Supreme Court divided, five and three, the majority opinion upholding the contention of attorneys for the Izaak Walton League and the state conservation commission, which in later stages of the legal battle came to the assistance of the defense. This opinion, reversing the lower courts, declared the Pine River a navigable stream. Chief Justice John S. McDonald and the majority of the court held that, "It is the capacity of a stream for public uses and not the frequency with which it is used that determined its navigability."

On the question of the right to fish in a navigable stream, which Mr. Collins' attorneys also denied, the Chief Justice wrote: "Mr. Collins owns the soil under the water of Pine River where it flows over his land. But he does not own the water, and he does not own the fish. So far as they are capable of ownership they belong to the state for common benefit of the people. This is conceded by the plaintiff, but he bases his exclusive right to fish in the water over his land on the common law doctrine that the right of fishery follows the ownership of the soil. The determination of this question involves an inquiry into the character of his title or ownership. Is it absolute or qualified?

It will be helpful to recall that Michigan was ceded to the United States by Virginia. That the United States held this territory in trust for future states to be created out of it; that the United States held the waters of navigable rivers and lakes, and the soil under them in trust for the people, just as the British crown had formerly held them in trust for the public uses of navigation and fishery; that when Michigan entered the union of States she became vested with the same qualified title that the United States had; that these waters and the soil under them passed to the state in its sovereign capacity had impressed a perpetual trust to secure to the people their rights of navigation, fishing and fowling.

Now, it being the fact that the state of Michigan acquired title to all of the beds of its navigable waters in perpetual trust for the preservation of the public right of navigation, fishing, etc., and Pine River being navigable. How has it come about that the plaintiff, as riparian owner, has secured a title unimpressed with this trust? The answer is that he has no such title. If he has served his title by purchase and grant from the state, he has taken it subject to the same trust with which it was impressed while vested in the state. If he derived it by patent from the United States, he took it subject to a like trust.

For twenty-three years after its admission to statehood, Michigan adhered to the policy of retaining title to the beds of its Great Lakes and navigable rivers, but, by judicial decision in 1860, the title of the beds of navigable rivers was declared to be in the riparian owners. But "Though the court declared the title to be in the riparian owner, it could not divest the state of its trustee capacity, and did not undertake to do so. The title allowed to be taken by the riparian owners was subordinate to the public rights, including the public right of fishing.

Quoting a notable Michigan case (*Continued on page 72*)

Some Stream Lore

Mr. DeGarmo is known throughout the world of angling. This is the first of a series of actual experiences that should be of great interest to the fisherman

By L. E. DEGARMO

IT'S a far cry from the days when Dame Juliana Berner wrote of fly fishing in 1496, with heavy eighteen-foot rods, a six-foot butt of hazel, willow or aspen —hollowed out by various sizes of hot iron rods, a six-foot second joint of hazel, and for the tip "a fair shoot of blackthorn" all spliced together; from the twisted horsehair lines and leaders then extant to the light pliant split bamboo rods, the tapered silk enameled lines and silk worm gut leaders of the present day.

A far cry from Dame Juliana's twelve patterns of flies (standard even today however) to the some twenty-five hundred patterns and sizes of flies available at the present time. From stream bank paths in Southern England and heavy woolen togs of those worthies who waded the swift dashing streams of Scotland and Wales to the feather light rubber waders and mule hide calked brogues of this age.

The first mention of "the cast of the Flie" was in 1614, by William Lawson, and the first mention of dry fly fishing was in 1651, by Thomas Barker, and yet today how often is asked, "What's the how of it?"

The writer believes, however, that the advent of Tournament fly casting during the last score of years has done more to spread a knowledge of the art of casting the Dry Fly among the many, than the almost five centuries that have preceded it.

The Author in Camp.

The "mechanics" of Dry Fly Casting are simple. To illustrate by an incident, during the last week in May an angler was wading upstream in the Prairie River in Wisconsin. As he turned a bend and entered a long rather quiet pool, he observed a trout rising. His rod was a five-ounce nine-foot Calcutta bamboo—soft in the middle joint that gave it a smooth, leisurely action, the usual tapered silk line and tapered leader with tip of refina and he had bent on a No. 12 "DeGarmo Fly," so named by its designer, the late H. Wheeler Perce. The Angler's first business was to study his problem. The stream current ran just outside the alders along the right bank going up. The Angler was lefthanded so there was little chance of the alders interfering. The next thing was to find out what that trout was feeding on, but search as he might, whatever it was, it was too small to be noted.

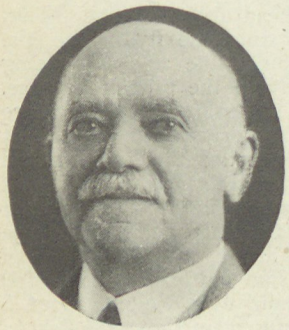
The next move was to float that "DeGarmo" over the rising trout and see what happened. It was just a simple overhead dry fly cast. That is, casting the fly in the air, stripping line and advancing the fly to the proper distance, then softening down the force of the forward drive until it just uncoiled the line forward in a straight line to the limit he had reached. The fly went forward to a point, say three feet above the surface, and then line and leader and fly fell of their own weight about 5 feet upstream above the fish (a slowly descending line is not apt to scare a trout that is feeding). The fly floated down to, above the trout, then out down stream ten feet or so below. The Angler who had stripped in his line as the fly approached him was in position to deftly lift that fly without disturbance.

The cast was repeated five times without result. On the sixth float, when the fly reached the point above the trout the "magic" circle appeared and that satisfying "plomb" was heard—the Angler's wrists turned outward, the barb was implanted and the contest was on. The rascal wanted a sunken log at the stream side and because he couldn't reach it he came up above the surface with a leap and shook his head savagely at the Angler. Then he wanted a goodly rock in midstream and again the taut line hindered. Meanwhile the Angler soliloquized, "That fellow jumped like a rainbow, but the sheen was purple and rose and 'brooks' seldom jump." Just then another leap and a menacing gesture (the Angler knew then he was not a brown trout) and back again he went for that log. Failing in that he made another leap, started a tug of war, took an instant's rest, and there slipped into the net a thirteen-inch brook trout that had made three clean fair leaps in the contest.

On another occasion the Angler was wading up the Thunder River and came to the place where he had located a fair trout a day or so before. This was back under the alders on the right bank going up. Again the Angler studied his problem. His rod was his favorite 2¾ oz. eight-foot bamboo and the fly was a No. 10 Enright (sent to the writer by Mr. John Enright, of Castle Connell, Ireland, body natural cork wound with black, very light brown hackle, and white turkey wings *(Continued on page 49)*

Our Remote Ancestors
The Fishes

The concluding instalment of an interesting treatise or shall we say, biological conjecture on the origin of man kind



The Author.

By THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice President I. W. L. A.

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

IT was Father Izaak who said: "Angling may be said to be so like mathematics that it can never be fully learnt." And that is equally true of the fishes themselves.

Not until 1921 was the actual breeding place of the eel discovered. Far off in the West Indies, south of the Bermudas, hither, 3,000 fathoms deep in the sea, eels from all Europe and eastern America repair to breed, and when they have bred, they die; and hence every spring come the elvers, about as long as toothpicks and of the bigness of hairpins, crossing an ocean they have never traversed and bound for lands they have never seen, until, guided by some force of which we know nothing, they repeople the rivers, streams and ponds from which their parents departed.

The infant American eel and the infant European eel journey northward in company until they come to the uncharted parting of the ways, when with a *cheery* "So long, see you later" the tiny American eel, with but a thousand miles to go, turns to the left, while the tiny European eel turns to the right, and in three years' time crosses three thousand miles of ocean and forces its way up rivers and streams and ditches that it may spend its life in the agreeable mud of some pond in England, France or Italy; and after living there and growing fat in from ten to fourteen peaceful years, returns upon the stormy road which it traveled, and fulfills its long, last journey to reproduce and to die.

Where the Atlantic salmon goes when he leaves the fresh water of the rivers for his *feeding places* in the salt waters of the trackless ocean no man as yet knows, but the salmon knows and returns to the river of his birth from year to year.

A beautiful but malign siren.

The Red Salmon of the Pacific will not enter a river to spawn that has no lake near its source. How does he distinguish rivers that have lakes and those that have none? *He* knows but *we* do not.

Dr. Jordan, eminent angler and therefore unimpeachable, tells us that when a flounder is hatched, it has the head symmetrical, with an eye on either side. It then swims "up and down" in the water like any other fish. It becomes tired or lazy and rests its breast upon the bottom. Its breast being very narrow, it begins to turn over upon its broad, flat side, and finding this position more comfortable, it so remains, and the under side getting no sunlight, turns white.

The flounder having no eyelid, gets the under eye full of sand, which is *not* so comfortable, so "day by day in every way" he constantly wishes that eye to move up and around to where the other, comfy, eye is and it gradually reaches its place alongside, but a little above its mate. All this happens while the flounder is but an inch or two in length.

The sense of color in fishes living in shallow waters or near the surface, has reached a fineness and delicacy unsurpassed in any other group of animals, and the precision and rapidity with which fishes can alter their own colors according to the different shades about them is little less than marvelous and exceeded only by the politician.

Fishes differing in species effect commercial partnerships.

The agile and keen-eyed Pilot fish leads the lumbering Shark to his booty and gets the crumbs or fragments that fall from the latter's table.

The Rhodeus (Bitterling) introduces her eggs into the

gill cavity of mussels where the young develop until the yolk-sac is absorbed. The Mollusc sheds its eggs about this time, and the young larvae fasten onto the skin or gills of Rhodeus, where they become encysted, develop into young mussels and are broadcast by the fish in its travels. Query: When the clam admitted the eggs of the fish did she know that they would be necessary to the propagation of her family of little clams?

In China a member of the bird family, the Cormorant, is used to catch fish, and when Christopher Columbus discovered Cuba in 1494, he found the natives making use of a certain fish to catch others. The fisherman fastens a line round the tail of the Sucker fish, Remora or Echeneis, goes out in a boat and upon sighting, let us say, a turtle, turns Echeneis loose. Turtle dives, Echeneis follows and fastens onto its back. You might pull Ecky in twain before he would loose his hold. A diver goes down, fastens another line on the turtle, Echeneis then shifts his hold from the hard upper to the softer underpart and the turtle is hauled up. *Query:* Did the natives teach the fish or the fish the natives?

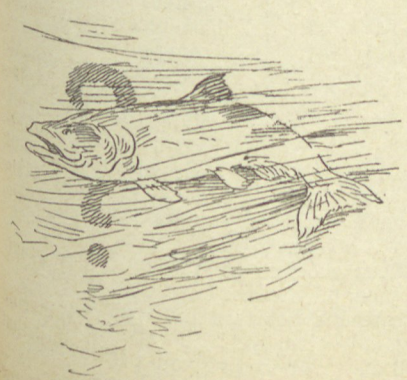
In Siam you may come upon Toxates Jaculator who goes gunning for his dinner. Rising near the surface of the water he fixes his eye on an insect, takes aim, and through closed mouth shoots a drop of water, and down comes Mr. Fly. Kept in an aquarium, jaculator can at will shoot the bystander in the eye, mouth, ear or nose at a distance of three feet, and you cannot wink quick enough to shut out the missile. Kyle intimates that this aptitude may have originated as a game or sport and, after many generations, the sport became their principal means of earning a living. A parallel case among us humans: Red Grange and football.

Then there is a fish in South America—Pyrrhulina filamentosa—that gives more food for speculation.

The male and female at the breeding time, in close embrace, climb out of the water, and the eggs are laid and fertilized on land. They then drop back into the water. About every half hour the male returns to the spot and with his tail splashes water over the eggs, and in about three days the young fry slip into the wet and scoot away. How does the fish know that the eggs require moisture? Is it instinct or reason?

The French Scientist, Renaud, tells us that he knew an instance of the Harlequin-angler, a Brazilian fish, living for three days out of water; in the meantime trotting about the house on the ventral fins like a dog upon its legs.

Fishes are just as susceptible to illness and disease as the so-called human race. They seem even to catch cold, in the usual unaccountable way. They have cold on the lungs, inflammation of the gills, followed by loss of appetite and sluggishness, then comes an epidemic, akin to flu, that wipes out millions of them. In 1882 the dead bodies of the beautiful and toothsome Tile-fish covered the surface of the sea for hundreds of square miles.

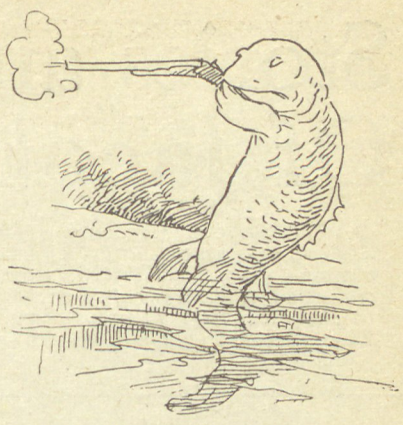


Where does the Salmon go?

Just as the human family, they are afflicted with bacteria, cancerous tumors, cataract, and tapeworm. Some are vegetarians, others meat eaters, which amounts to the same thing if it be true that "all flesh is grass."

In Ancient Greece fish of the better kinds were dear, for at Corinth if a man not known to be honestly rich was seen to buy fish often he was suspected of being something akin to a bootlegger, held under the eye of the police, and punished if he persevered in the extravagance.

The wealthy Romans exceeded even the Greeks in their love for fish. The reservoirs excavated by Lucullus at Baiae are still to be seen, where he cut through a hill that the tide might ebb and flow within.



Toxates Jaculator.

Plato despaired of that country where a fish is sold for more than an ox.

Seneca says, "fishes swim in the very banquet hall and are caught under the table on which they are about to be served up.

"A fish is not killed for dinner, but *at* dinner, made sport, and feasted the eyes before the stomach."

Fed on bread and milk.

Aristotle's knowledge of fishes exceeded that of any ancient writer, and to him belongs the distinction of being the first to point out that the age of a fish may be computed from its scales.

This fact lay dormant for over 2,000 years until re-discovered by the Dutch microscopist Loehwenhoek at the close of the eighteenth century.

It were difficult to consider the lives of fishes without some mention of means devised for taking these wonderful creatures.

We do not know who invented angling, but whoever he was, he certainly started something.

It has been aptly said that the art of angling "requires as much enthusiasm as poetry, as much patience as mathematics and as much caution as house breaking."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "There is nothing that attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing line."

According to DeQuincy—"Fishing is an unceasing expectation and a perpetual disappointment."

Long before his time, the Latin poet Tibullus wrote: "'Tis Hope, that taketh fish with the rod with *fine* hooks well hidden in the bait."

According to Saint Paul, who had often seen Simon Peter fishing: (Peter was not only a fisherman, but an angler, for we read in The Book that the Master said unto him: "Go down to the sea, and cast an hook.")

So, according to Saint Paul: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Now if you add to your faith, virtue and quietness and patience you are in fit frame of mind to go a-angling.

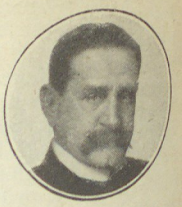
But the art of angling has too wide a horizon to be included within the geographical limits of this article.

The historian quoted in opening these remarks not only has a fine conception of the slow constructive processes of Time, but of the immensity of Eternity as well. He says:

"In the far North, in the land of Svitjod, there stands a rock; it is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. Once in every thousand years a little bird comes to sharpen its beak upon the rock. When the rock shall thus have been worn away, then a single day of Eternity will have gone by."

We are all anglers in the Stream of Time. We drink of it, we see its shallow sandy bottom, as its thin current glides away, and some of us, like Thoreau, would fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly (*Continued on page 70*)

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson



J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Belle Meade

GENERAL HARDING had won handsome solid silver trophies during many years far and wide with his fine stock. In his sitting room were three large mahogany cases containing hundreds of pitchers, goblets and vases worth many thousands of dollars. He had a trusted house woman named Susanna. When he was arrested and prepared to leave home he told her to hide his silver and not to let his wife or any one know where it was. This she did, and when the war was over she resurrected it, polished and put it in place and, when all was ready, unlocked the door and invited the family to see it.

Charles Dudley Warner was a visitor at Belle Meade and this being related to him expressed a desire to meet the woman. She was quite old, was retired from work and lived in a cottage on the place. Mrs. Jackson sent a carriage for her and introduced her to Mr. Warner. He commended her for what he had heard, and asked her where she had hidden the silver, to which she gave an evasive answer. He did not seem to understand and repeated his question. Whereupon she left the room. Mrs. Jackson followed her and said: "Susanna, you were rude in not answering Mr. Warner," and she replied: "Miss Selene, I did not tell that Yankee where I hid that silver for we might have another war and he would come right here and get it." Mr. Warner was highly amused when Mrs. Jackson related this conversation. In his account of his trip through the South he said nothing interested him more than meeting this negro, Susanna. With the assistance of "Old Bob," who was born, and after faithful services, before, during and long after the war at a ripe old age died at Belle Meade, she had buried it next to the family vault and drew ivy over it, a place wisely chosen, as most likely safe against roving soldiers, certainly from the eyes of negroes whose superstition would keep them far from graveyard "Hants." I subjoin a letter written by Susanna to General Harding when he was in prison, furnished to me by his granddaughter. It shows more than any words now written could show the relations that existed between kind masters in the South and their slaves.

Miss Ida Hamilton who surrendered unconditionally to Gen. G. P. Thursten, staff officer of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas.

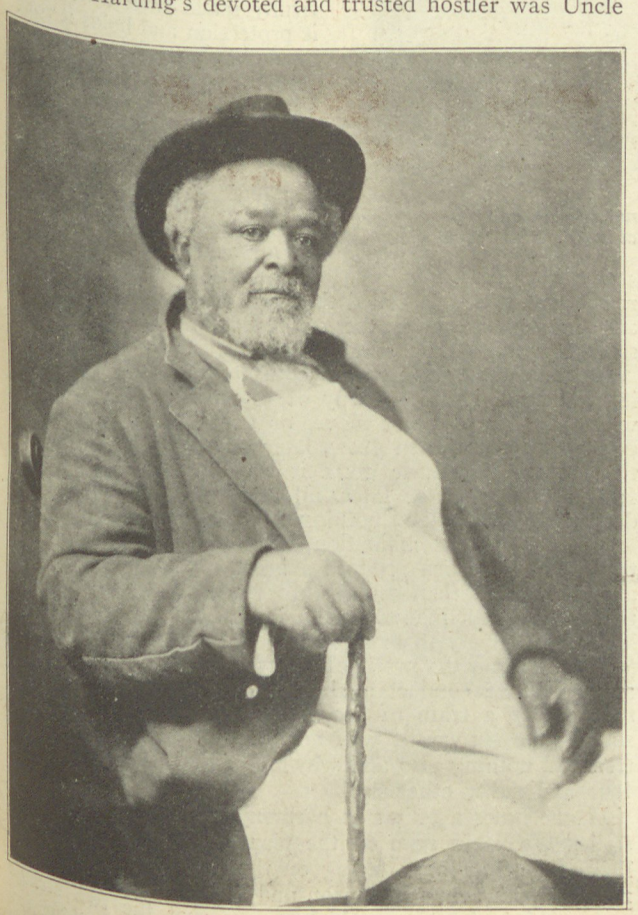
"Belle Meade, Tuesday night, June 3rd, 1862.

My kind and affectionate Master,

I would have written before this but Miss Selene, Mary, myself, and Joe payed a visit to Franklin expecting to stay three days only. My two young Mistresses returned at the end of that time, but I unfortunately had to stay two weeks on account of my baby's illness. I left all the Franklin relatives well. Miss Mary S. received a letter from Mars. Randal and he was well, and was delighted to tell us he had received a letter from you. Her health is as well as usual, but is improved by receiving letters often from Mars. Randal and yourself. I can assure you that Miss tress'es health is better than when you left: yes, a great deal better; she does not complain of that pain in her side and is a great deal more cheerful than when you left. I am sorry to hear that you and Gen. B. have been moved, but hope you find your present quarters comfortable. Does Gen. B. keep you in good spirits yet? I hope he does for *our sake*. Well, I will endeavor to give you a little news of the farm. In the first place Mistress rode over it last Friday, she found things looking very well. Mr. Beasley

says the crop is fine as he ever saw and the hands working well. We have 14 or 15 beautiful young calves. Mr. Hague had the sheep sheared a few weeks ago, they were looking well, the lambs also. Now do you know that they have been so *stingy* that we have *not had* a *lamb* this spring. The excuse is "nobody loves lamb and peas but Master." I know if you were here I would have two killed just for *you*. The stock has the distemper as you know before you left home but is getting better; you know that is a slow and troublesome disease. We lost one or two yearling colts, one of them was Della's Glenco filly colt. Rial tells me his hog department is getting on finely. I hope you will find it so when you get home. I have to fill up with this master, for Mistress and Miss Seny have written up everything else. We have lost poor old uncle Alek. He has left a large family to mourn his death. We have also lost Aunt Isabel after a few weeks illness. I know this will astonish you, two deaths so near together. Mars John Harding and his family have not been down for three or four weeks, but we are expecting them the latter part of this. We are having fine and healthy weather now, & no complaint for rain. We have had a great many fine strawberries and I assure you that I never enter the dining room with a bowl of strawberrys, unless there is a remark made by *some one* "I wish Master had these." I do assure you your presence and familiar face are both missed as the little group sit at the table, and that vacant chair looks so lost and forsaken, but a short time will pass I hope before it will be filled again. You know very well what you used to do after breakfast, that was to meet the sick, you would laugh to see Mistress trying to fill your place, but I believe she gives it up that *I can beat her*. Bob says that he is still hauling to town, William also. He sends much love and many thanks for your kind remembrance of him and hopes with all the rest that you will soon be at home again. Milly sends much love and says she prays for you as well as herself, and says if you are in need of a cook, let her know it and she will come and cook and black your boots. You do not know Master how much you are missed at home. It is now ten o'clock and I must close. Now goodbye. May the angels of heaven guard and protect you, while so far from your beloved home is the prayer of your servant. Susanna."

General Harding's devoted and trusted hostler was Uncle Bob. No man, white or black, was ever more trusted over a longer period of time, and no one ever more deserved such trust. He was acquainted with men of prominence all over the United States, especially those who took an interest in race horses. At the sales he always made a speech before they began, and went to New York at the sale there and made a speech. When he was presented to President and Mrs. Cleveland on their visit to Belle Meade, he said: "Mars President and Lady Cleveland, me and the General welcomes you to Belle Meade."



Uncle Bob.

Susanna.

To show how the stock of men tells like that of horses I mention that John Harding, who was one of the American officers who went around the world in the aeroplane, was a great-grandson of General Harding.

The American aviator who was killed in France, whose name is unrevealed and whose alleged diary under the title "War Birds" recently appeared in the magazine, Liberty, was a great-great-nephew of General Harding.

In the Los Angeles Times of February 23, 1908, appeared an interesting article on Belle Meade by John Ellerson Brown, a Northern Trooper in the Civil War, from which the following:

"It was in the early spring of 1863, when, after a serious illness brought on by exposure, I had nearly recovered my normal health. To complete my recovery, I was detached from active service with our Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, and with a member of a Kentucky regiment was detailed as 'safeguard' to the person and property of Gen. Harding, a brave Confederate who had been released on parole from a Union prison.

"The estate of this noble-hearted southern gentleman was located on the 'Harding Pike,' a model thoroughfare, about four miles from Nashville, Tennessee, and was known throughout the South by the name of 'Belle Meade Plantation.' Its owner was a very rich man, and was noted for his open-handed hospitality. The plantation was situated in a most beautiful section, and the land was gently rolling and level, with alternate woods and meadows, and was rich and productive. The mansion was one of the handsomest country residences in the section. The architecture was of a style popular in the South, and the edifice was built on classic lines by an eminent architect of Philadelphia. The general effect of the building suggested a stateliness and massive grandeur more typical of *(Continued on page 38)*

The Business of Living

Comancho has the ability to approach a subject from a new angle. This article is a departure from the beaten paths

By EL COMANCHO

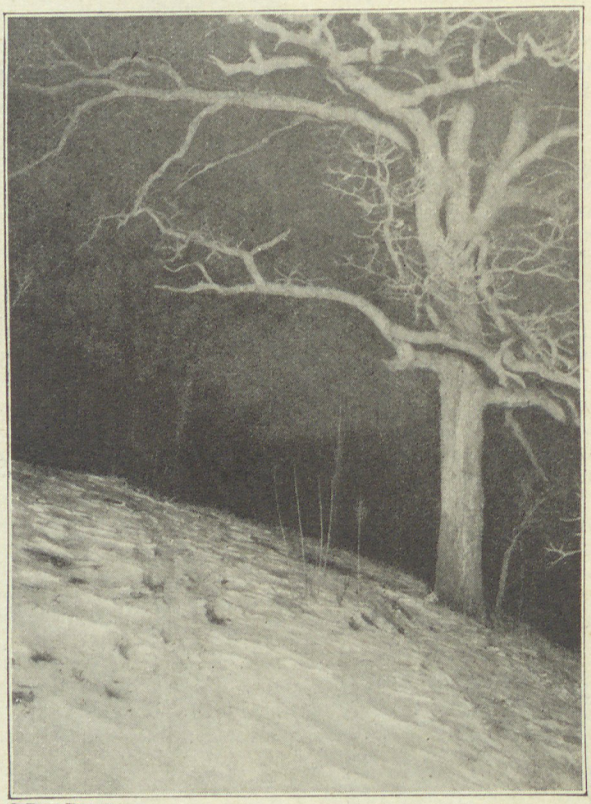
THE business of living is the greatest enterprise in the world. It affects everything in some way or another on this terrestrial sphere of ours. The fellow who said, "the world do move" was right. It do; but perhaps not quite the way he imagined it did.

When he intimated that movement was the key to things, he said more than he knew, because we are just beginning to find out that everything is some form or other of movement.

Movement begins the business of living in all things and the lack of movement ends life just as quickly. Movement that does not travel ahead is more or less unused reserved power which can be utilized if one understands the cosmic system of things.

Motion has a many-sided aspect and we are not concerned greatly with more than one or two phases of it.

For instance, if we take a glass jar, put a stick of carbon in it, add a stick of zinc and throw in a handful of sal-ammoniac, we have simply brought a few chemical substances together, each one of which still retains its original aspect.



© Bert Brown

"An acorn can produce nothing but an oak"
The hillside at night.

Nothing happens in this combination alone, but the instant that we add H_2O, just plain water, to it, we start something because we then have an electric current established which moves in a circle, through the water and in and out through the zinc and carbon, provided we attach the ends of these two metals together with a piece of wire, outside of the water.

Naturally one would think that he had created this electricity through combining the several substances in the way specified above, yet as a matter of fact, all in the world he has done is to combine them in such a way that motion starts of its own accord because certain chemical bodies have been placed in just exactly the right combination in relation to each other.

We all know that two and two are four, yet the law which governs this is no more positive than the law that makes the chemical combination, stated above, set up a current of motion which we call electricity. In other words, everything in nature responds to exact mathematical formula and does not respond to any other sequence or combination.

Many of us do not go further than this in our everyday researches, being content to just continue the business of living as we have done ever since we can remember.

Yet the more one digs into nature, the more he is bound to realize that the whole cosmic plan is so closely correlated in its individualities that each form, or substance, or aspect, has its own particular niche in the scheme of things, and that it cannot deviate therefrom by the slightest fraction of measurement.

This, perhaps, seems like a large order but as a matter of fact, it is the blue print of the universe wherein each thing occupies its designated place and no other, and as the plan is, so is the fabric that is the cosmic whole.

To reduce this idea to the common place and fit it to everyday affairs, let's contemplate the acorn for instance.

The acorn is just a seed, the same as any other, and it is composed of a compact mass of starches, sugars, fats and other chemical ingredients that are stored within a beautifully made shell which gives it protection and holds it ready to do its part when the surroundings and circumstances shall be at the exact mathematical combination needed, and this brings us back again to the fact that two and two are always four and never, by any process, anything else.

Our acorn has, imbedded in it, a little comma-shaped arrangement which is called the germ and which is dormant and inoperative until the exact combination of circumstances required is made.

Then, instantly the germ begins to move and thereafter it carries on, but how many of us have ever reasoned out why the germ did not move, or grow, before, or why it doesn't wait, and then grow, later on? Not many of us, I take it, yet that little germ is the key which liberates a force that sooner or later, all accidents barred, will produce an oak tree—and nothing else.

Never by any combination of circumstances, or lack of them, can an acorn produce a beech, an elm, a walnut, or any other tree than an oak, for it is a well known fact that like begets like, though why it does this is more or less of a mystery to most of us.

Yet, it is not so much of a mystery, perhaps, as it may seem. If we conduct a simple experiment in motion we may set up a train of sequences that will go far toward solving the systery of why an acorn always makes an oak tree and nothing else and why two and two are invariably four and never otherwise.

If one tunes a guitar in harmony with a piano and then strikes a certain note on the piano, corresponding with a like note of an open string on the guitar, the guitar will respond with sound in unison and both notes will be whole notes and in harmony which means that the two strings are vibrating at exactly the same speed and describing ex-

actly the same arc, or segment of a circle, between the two points where the two strings are fastened.

All of this is to establish, in your mind, the fact that a certain, given wave length of motion produces a certain given effect exactly, and never anything else, thus again two and two are always four.

When we carry this further, we have come to why the acorn makes an oak tree and nothing else, ever. That little comma-shaped germ in the acorn is tuned, through the combination of two sexes, to respond to one exact wave length of motion and nothing else, so, when it begins to move at all, it must move only on the exact wave length of vibration which determines that the structure shall be an oak.

The deviation of one fraction of measurement in the length of the wave would create discord and bring about a change which would, in the harmonious scheme of nature, determine the resultant structure to be something else.

But this cannot be when we take into consideration the substance of which the acorn is made, because that was produced through the chemical mechanism of the oak tree itself and it was fixed absolutely in the seed by the blending of sex, which is male and female, positive and negative, for and against, push and pull, or to sum it up, the opposition of opposites.

That is what sex is for and nature has wisely not left the reproduction of any species to one parent alone but always of two.

Nature never leaves anything to chance, it always produces a sacrificial surplus in order that the fittest may survive and that by no set of circumstances can any species become extinct as long as it functions according to the law laid down.

Nature never guesses at anything, never makes any mistakes. The formulas are all worked out and, as they are, so shall the product be, without end, for the universe is spherical and all living things merely go around and around without starting from any place or getting anywhere—they are like a lot of little bugs crawling around and around a ball.

I don't know whether this gets to your understanding or not, but to me it is very plain, because I have been in such close contact with nature for a lifetime that I have had these things shown to me again and again in a thousand thousand aspects, and I can't but see that the business of living is only the following out of a pre-ordained plan over which we have no control whatever. Even our usual percentage of accidents have been provided for so that in no manner whatever can the cosmic plan we follow be changed, altered, effaced, distorted, or in any way affected by anything we may do.

Two and two are always four, never otherwise, so that even if a man tires of the business of living and blows his own head off, he does not, in any way, effect the cosmic rule which governs all men. All he does is to stop his own little specific wave length of motion which fixes him as an individual in the form of man. If he were a mouse, his wave length of life would be so totally different from the life wave length of man that they would be in discord, and an elephant would be discordant to both because it is only the harmonious species that are not opposed.

The same thing is demonstrated in music by the fact that whole notes, half notes, quarter notes, and so on, all in the same given key, are harmonious while others, in a different key, are discordant with the first group, and yet harmonious among themselves.

"The Music of the Spheres" is not a poetic word-combination, but it is a statement of a condition of fact because music is possible only through harmonious wave motion. We can hear only certain upper and certain lower notes and those in between. We call this sound. The extreme high and low notes exist beyond but we hear none of these.

Different wave lengths of motion produce light, still others power, still others heat, energy, and so on.

When we stop to think of it, an oak tree, starting from the acorn, rises to maturity, declines, falls, rots and finally disappears and in doing this it has merely moved through its own wave length of motion and demonstrated the law behind the business of living.

The mountains come up through earth convulsions and so they are mountains and then immediately they begin to break up and slowly move down to the sea, nor do they cease motion until, where the mountains once stood, the waters shall come, because the mountain has moved down until it has become a level plain and all that was required to accomplish this was motion. Again the law has been demonstrated.

The whole business of living is motion in one wave length or another. Every species of living things and all those we call inanimate as well, is what it is because it responds to one definite wave length of motion exactly and no other, which means that just so long as that wave endures it shall endure, and that when this wave of motion is done the individual of that species shall have gone through its entire scale of existence and at the end shall then change to some other form through new chemic action, or affinities.

All down through the years, these things have been shown to me little by little, piece by piece, during my close contact with nature until the bigness of the scheme of things had become very plain.

No man may stand on a mountain top and say, with truth, that all in sight is without reason or that there is no plan.

I have stood on a mountain top and looked to the edge of the world and the bigness of the world has seemed appalling; yet, beyond the horizon, was the great gulf of the sky, so much bigger than the world,

(*Continued on page 55*)

No man may stand on a mountain top and say with truth that all in sight is without reason.

A Day With the Warden

The terrible destruction caused by forest fires each year is appalling as statistics compiled by the Government prove.

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

Photographs by the Author

IT had rained hard during the night and the fire and game warden of the district where I was spending my vacation came to my log cabin on the shores of Guthrie and asked me to go with him on his rounds. He wanted to post placards in distant corners of his district and took this opportunity to get about while there was little danger from forest fires.

We crossed the ford at Dam 2 on the North Branch of the Au Sable and in so doing we crossed upstream from the island where it was shallow. Below the island the water comes up to the engine in the car. From Dam 2 we headed northeast toward the Seven Lakes district. We stopped at Turtle Lake to place a few placards, saw nothing unusual and proceeded on to Bass Lake amid the pines. We visited a bit with the owner of a cottage there and then went on to Douglas Lake.

Douglas Lake is the ideal inland lake. Great lakes lose in beauty and even in grandeur by their immensity, they are but fragments of seas within the eye, with lost shores and tantalizing distances beyond the horizon. But an inland lake such as Douglas is easily appreciated. The lake was calm, reflecting in its bosom the tall pines on the opposite shores. We hearkened to a woodland symphony as the breeze stirred the Norway needles above us. It sounded like the rhythm of the sea, but without its tumultuous surge. The warden approached the lake edge the better to observe the wild life below. He motioned me to come forward and we saw a huge small mouth bass lying just off shore. With the aid of the binoculars we could count every spot on his body. He saw us and with a majestic, slow motion of his tail pushed out of sight into the deep green water. A bad fire had scorched the north end of Douglas Lake some years ago and the shrubs and young saplings were now feebly putting on green after the terrible punishment. But ten years hence the scar will be healed and twenty-five years more, barring fires, will see a thrifty growth of timber there. We went on.

At Spectacle Lakes we found a man just in from fishing. A sunfish an eighth of an inch shorter than legal limit lay in the boat. The fisherman failed to take it with him. The Warden said nothing but measured the fish and threw it into the brush after the fisherman had gone.

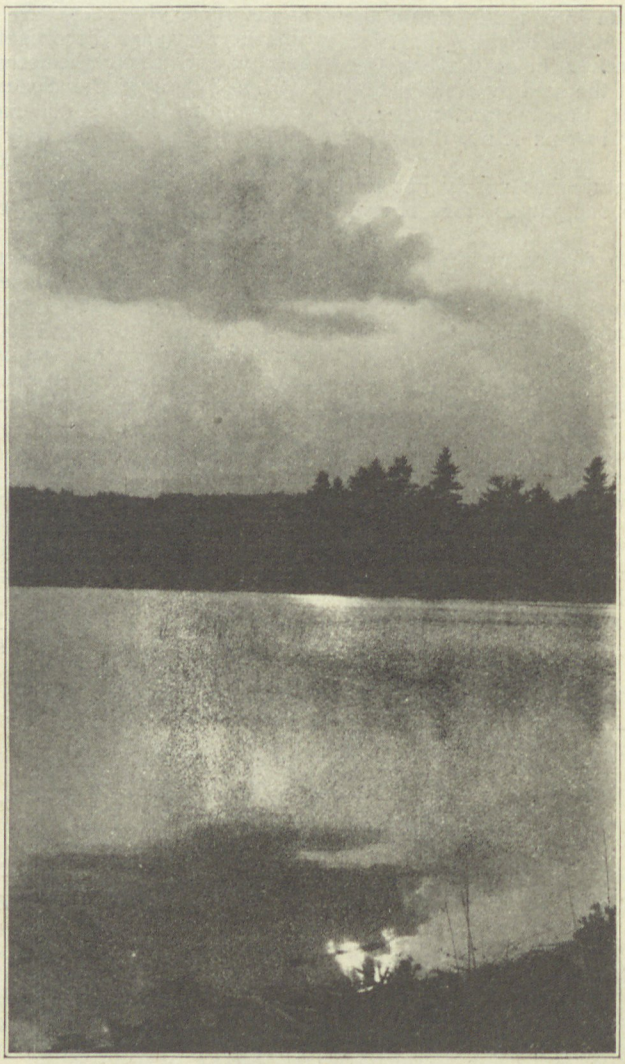
"There's no use stirring up a fuss over that. He'd deny catching it and as I want to operate here during deer season this fall I'm not going to advertise myself as a warden on as flimsy a case as this," he said as we turned up the hill to the car. We followed an old tote or log road between Spectacle Lakes but finding it ending nowhere in the plains had to retrace our way to the main road. We visited Bear Lake, had a chat with Judge Going and then went on into Johannesburg. Here the Warden stopped at the hotel long enough to call his two towermen, getting their okeh on fire conditions. I asked him why he feared fire after such a rain and he told me of how during severe rain storms lightning strikes dry stubs, burns in the rotten wood for hours, and finally flies with the wind to the then dry plains where it starts a forest fire. Inasmuch as fire will stick with an old rotten stub for days they are always considered dangerous and towermen watch carefully for smoke after each electrical storm.

From the Burg we went east through virgin hardwood into a farming country—a country of beautiful crops, potatoes, hay, oats and rye.

"I see Sam Hadadorn's been burning again without a permit," said the Warden as he brought his car to a stop at the side of a country road paralleling M-32 just east of Johannesburg.

"These fellows don't seem to realize the danger that threatens when they start fires promiscuously that way."

A thin wisp of smoke was billowing above the hayfield to the south. We crossed the intervening potato patch and the meadow to where the farmer had been clearing new land. He had started a fire in a brush heap at the eastern edge of the plowed ground and the fire was burning slowly against an East wind. Directly to the southeast and continuing for many miles lay a dry slashing and future game cover. It only needed a slight change in the wind and the entire countryside would be ablaze. The Warden broke a green oak branch and began to beat out the worst flame which had eaten into an old rotten log and was running on the dry grass toward the slashing. When the worst of the



Moonlight on Lake Guthrie, 1,400 feet above sea level.

fire had been subdued we walked across the fields to the farmhouse. The farmer came to the door having just finished his dinner.

"Where's your permit to burn?" asked the Warden.

"Permit! I haven't a permit. I didn't set any fire anyway. My hired man may have set it or anyone for that matter," replied the farmer.

"Well, it's headed for some good second growth timber and a few hundred thousand dollars worth of resort property in south and you'd better get busy and put it out. Come on, I'll help you," said the Warden.

"There isn't a hundred thousand dollars worth of property in the whole county," retorted the farmer. "Why should I tear away from my work to put out a fire I know nothing about? What's all the trouble about a little fire? Can't a man burn new ground without running all over the county after a fire warden to give him a permit? No fire ever burned through this country that did not prove a blessing," snapped the farmer.

"I beg your pardon but I know you are wrong," said the Warden.

"And I beg your pardon but I know I am not wrong," retorted the farmer. "Things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't burn to clear land without leaving the hayfield to stop brush fires that might better run. I'm going to quit the country and move away. The permit law is just for the benefit of the sportsmen anyway, and no one else profits by it," continued the farmer.

"We don't want you to move away, but we do want to impress on you the importance of the permit law. I had this permit law published in the county paper so every one knows of it," said the Warden.

The Warden's unruffled mien served only to inflame the other's anger. He dashed into the house, grabbed a shovel and swung rapidly across the field followed by his son, a boy of about nine. The Warden picked a shovel from his car and we followed him. We caught up to him as we neared the fire and we could hear him muttering imprecations against a system that interfered with an honest man in the midst of haying. A brush fire did not harm anyway, and what if a few hundreds of acres of cutover land did burn? There would be that much more pasture for the cattle on the range.

The fire had started up again, and by the time we arrived the wind had veered to the northwest and was shooting sparks into unburned areas. The Warden, the farmer and I set to work throwing sand on the blaze and building a sand ring about the entire burned area. The larger pieces of burning logs we took to the middle of the plowed ground where they smoldered harmlessly. Sand was thrown on the few remaining flames, and soon the danger was past. Working side by side the farmer and the Warden conversed on the matter of fire and each began to understand and appreciate the other's viewpoint.

"If I want to do a little burning how am I going to do it if the State won't let me?" queried the farmer. "How am I to clear land without burning?"

"The State will let you. But you must have a permit," said the Warden with quiet dignity.

"We have two fire towers in this district, tall steel towers located on high points on hills south of here. One is the Hayes tower and the other the Chub Lake tower. When I give you a permit to burn your land over I notify the towermen that within the next five days you will be burning. Then if the towermen see a smoke up in this district that tallies with the alidade readings before them on the map they know you are burning and unless the fire assumes tremendous proportions they do not report it. If you burn without a permit, and I know nothing of it, they see smoke up this way and notify me. I must then leave my post, perhaps a bad fire elsewhere, and run up here to investigate. And don't forget that you as a taxpayer are helping to pay that six or seven cents mileage each way. Again, if in my opinion the weather is too dry and the wind blowing too strongly I have the authority to revoke your permit. If you get a permit you are cleared so far as actual burning is concerned. But you are still responsible for your fire and the damage to others must be made good by you whether you take out a permit or not. But should you again burn without a permit you are liable to a heavy fine or possible imprisonment. Your supervisor here has authority to issue permits also, so there is no excuse for not having one. When you want to burn again you get in touch with Alfred Larson at the Burg and he will notify you. And when you burn in new ground it is best to plow about the logged off area, burning within the plowed ground. I know the attitude of certain landowners in this district. Even the lumbermen show an inclination to let the fire do their clearing so that they may have less to do preparing the ground for prospective settlers. I had a good example of the lack of cooperation on the part of lumbermen landowners right in this district last year. Landowners *(Continued on page 47)*

The farmer helps the Warden extinguish the fire.

Outdoor America

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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Feed the Birds

JANUARY and February are the worst months for our game birds, particularly quail, ringneck pheasant, Hungarian partridge and wild turkey as these feed on the ground and the ground is covered with snow and ice for weeks at a time.

During the hunting season sportsmen were very anxious to locate the game birds but now that the hunting season is closed what are you doing to see that the birds left are insured against starving?

That is an important question, as everyone knows that unless a feeding campaign is started any number of birds will die. The old friendly hedges and rail fences have been replaced by wire fences that offer no shelter at all and the cover that was formerly so abundant has been cut or burned off the land.

Feeding now will produce more birds for next season than millions of dollars spent for re-stocking in the spring, as a recent bulletin issued by Seth E. Gordon, National Extension Director, points out. The bulletin reads in part as follows:

"ORGANIZE A FEEDING CAMPAIGN NOW. Start your feeding work immediately. Do it intelligently, permitting no Waltonian to shirk the task. Get the farmers, the rural mail carriers, highway maintenance employes, Boy Scouts, rural schools, and the public press to help you in this campaign. All sorts of small grain, or bundles of broomcorn, sorghum or millet distributed in sheltered places (or shelters built for the purpose) where most available to our friends, the game birds, will help."

The Woman Waltonian

SINCE the apple episode in the Garden of Eden volumes have been written about woman. The present generation is being treated to several thousand words daily on the "modern woman," and her independence. Cartoonists have used up gallons of ink endeavoring to chisel a laugh from the concrete fact that women are interesting themselves in civic betterment generally.

Of course there are some who rightfully deserve the criticism, yet we are fully convinced that a fair comparison would prove rather embarrassing to man.

Women are interested in a better America. They are not bound by ancient party affiliations nor subject to the political traditions of their forefathers. Hence they do their own thinking and act accordingly.

Women are interested in preserving America's out of doors because they not only know that outdoor recreation is necessary for their children but they are willing to bring about conditions that will insure perpetuation of sports afield and astream.

Women have played a very important part in every bit of conservation legislation that has been passed. They have worked hard and they have worked intelligently.

We know that our women-folk are of vital importance to the Izaak Walton League of America and with this in mind, will hereafter devote a special department each month to THE WOMAN WALTONIAN. Mrs. Emy Reed, wife of Earl H. Reed, the famous artist, will edit this department and we solicit the earnest cooperation of every woman in helping Mrs. Reed make this one of the most interesting features of your magazine.

Do You Want a Copy of "Left Behind"?

MANY letters have been received by this office complimenting Outdoor America and Mr. William Schmedtgen on his splendid cover painting "Left Behind" that appeared on the January issue.

This painting showed an old mallard drake with a broken wing sitting on a snow covered sandbar watching the ice slowly close up the last open water as he called to the flocks passing overhead.

This masterpiece tells a story that cannot be duplicated and we know from the number of letters that many are interested in framing this picture.

Now what we want to know is this: how many of you are willing to buy artistically mounted copies of this painting? If we get a sufficient number of replies to this query to just cover the cost of this work we will reprint it and mount it for you.

Estimates at hand show that the cost will be fifty cents each. Please make your checks or money orders payable to Outdoor America and address your letter to the Editorial Department.

If we receive sufficient orders to insure the cost, your print will be mailed to you as soon as it is run off. If we do not get enough orders your money will be returned to you.

Fair enough?

Mrs. McMichael—"Top of the World."

The Last Frontier

The frontiers of America are fast disappearing. This is the graphic story of filming the western peaks in winter

By L. S. LANDMICHL

Fox News Cameraman

A two part story—Part 2

Photographs by the Author

IT is night, Mr. Hutchins and I are lying beside the big camp fire Lewis and Carlton have built. We came in exhausted, scarcely able to eat, and dropped heavily to the saddle blankets they have spread out for us. For nearly three hours I have lain here resting before attempting to chronicle the events of the day.

After we had forded the tumultuous stream tumbling down from Dinwoodie Glacier, we headed straight South across Ludwig's Park and up the steep incline beyond.

I took the lead and blazed trail as we progressed. It was a difficult passage, and several times we were obliged to turn back and seek egress from the chaos of tumbled rocks and fallen trees in which we had become enmeshed.

Finally we emerged high above timber line upon a grass grown slope covered sparsely with short, stunted juniper. Here we left the horses and proceeded on to the foot of the glacier. Following around the West side of the imposing mountain centering the upper reaches of the canyon, we found that this mountain splits the water-shed upon this side, and also at its upper side it separates the Dinwoodie and Gannett glaciers, as we have named this other one.

The going was very rough, for we were following around the edges of slide rock that had been ground away from the mountain mass. Several times we were forced to retreat and drop down to a lower level.

At one place where we were following along the crusted rim of the lower stretches of the glacier, we came upon a deep chasm between the ice and the sheer walls of the mountain. Again I was in the lead and came upon this yawning abyss so suddenly as to leave me breathless, and staring in blank amazement into this deep, dark and cavernous cleft at my very feet.

The slightest misstep would have meant a slip into oblivion, a death with body wedged tightly between solid ice and solid granite, for a rescue would have been impossible.

In a moment I recovered my sense of danger and backed away cautiously. Here our progress was seriously impeded, and we held a brief discourse of advisability. To follow this threatening edge any farther was out of the question, to go back and drop to a lower level would mean the loss of considerable elevation and time.

So Mr. Hutchins suggested we slide down the steep and slippery slope of the ice and strike the sloping moraine at its lower end, then follow this up to a new point of vantage.

To me this appeared a perfectly asinine move. The decline was unusually steep, the ice deeply cracked and glassy, but this seemed to be the only move left open to us.

Willing enough to venture it Mr. Hutchins chose two sharp pointed splinters of granite, clutching one in each hand he lowered himself over the edge feet first and let go, digging the granite splinters into the ice above him.

(Continued on page 44)

What's Happening in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Edited by SETH E. GORDON

National Extension Director I. W. L. A.

Saving the Black Bass

THE Hawes Black Bass Bill, introduced by Senator Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, and vigorously supported by the Izaak Walton League every step of the way through Congress, was approved by President Coolidge on May 20, 1926. This measure regulates the interstate transportation of black bass for commercial purposes in the same manner as interstate shipments of wild game have been controlled for many years under what is commonly known as the Lacey Act.

While the Hawes Act does not specifically place upon any federal department the responsibility for its enforcement, steps have been taken which it is believed will definitely fix such responsibility in the very near future. In the meantime every state not already having proper legislation on the subject is urged to secure such legislation in order to save their black bass and make this act fully effective throughout the entire nation.

Any state with a law prohibiting the sale or shipment of black bass, except for propagating purposes, can take advantage of this new federal law to prevent looting their waters of these wonderful game fish. Violators of game and fish laws often scoff at their state laws, but fear prosecution under federal law applying to the same offense.

In a state having proper laws to make the Hawes Act effective, any organization or individual may bring complaint before any United States attorney or commissioner; then go before a United States Grand Jury and secure an indictment. Chapters of the League and other conservation organizations can do a most constructive piece of work by following up this suggestion.

States which neglect to pass the necessary laws to protect their black bass will surely miss a golden opportunity. Streams and lakes liberally stocked with bass to attract anglers are worth far more in cold cash than the market price of the dead fish. Every disciple of Izaak Walton should at once help secure effective legislation for all states.

Migratory Game Birds

THE Migratory Bird Advisory Board, composed of more than a score of representative conservation officials and enthusiasts from all parts of the United States, held their annual meeting in Washington on December 9. The principal function of this body is to study conditions and make recommendations to the Secretary of Agriculture, upon the basis of which the Migratory Bird Treaty Act regulations are formulated and submitted to the President of the United States for approval and promulgation.

Under the federal law protecting migratory birds, such matters as open seasons, bag limits and methods of taking migratory game birds are all controlled by regulation.

Among the most important matters considered at an open meeting, attended by a goodly number of representative sportsmen, were numerous requests for a reduction in the bag limits and open seasons on wild waterfowl. The bag limit question was strongly stressed, as many states have already reduced the legal bag far below that fixed by federal law.

Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey, whose Bureau is directly in charge of the enforcement of the Migratory Bird Law, reported that in the western part of the United States, due to many causes, wild waterfowl are not increasing, but are actually decreasing, and that additional protection must be given the waterfowl in that section of the country. Dr. Nelson's report was substantiated by voluminous correspondence and reports from the members and sportsmen present.

Changes in seasons were urged largely to secure more uniformity in the regulations applying to neighboring states, but in some instances later seasons were requested because young wild waterfowl are not fully developed on the opening date of the seasons now provided. In other instances later seasons were requested to help protect upland game birds, this being stressed in western Nebraska, where it was reported state officials have found it difficult to prevent preseason shooting of prairie chickens by hunters who were ostensibly hunting wild waterfowl.

Baiting ducks, geese and doves for shooting purposes was strongly denounced.

The destructive effects of unregulated battery shooting, particularly on the Atlantic Coast, were clearly presented to the Board. Steps were urged to regulate these devices, because in some of the best areas on the Atlantic Coast they are placed in such close proximity that sportsmanlike wild waterfowl hunting has been seriously interfered with.

As a result of studies in the Currituck section on the coast of North Carolina the number of batteries has recently been regulated by state law, with beneficial results. Due to poor shooting experienced by clubs with large private holdings along the Atlantic, many clubs have restricted their members to a limited amount of shooting each week. According to reports, the total number of ducks and geese killed by club sportsmen in that area has decreased rapidly, largely because of unrestricted battery shooting resulting in driving waterfowl from that area during shooting hours.

The Advisory Board was urged to regulate the distance apart such batteries must be placed, also the distance from the shore and sand bars.

One member of a large Virginia club offered to donate his interest in the club, worth several thousand dollars, if Uncle Sam will create large refuges in that area closed to all shooting. He felt that this action must be taken to preserve waterfowl hunting in the eastern states.

The Department of Agriculture will likely announce the result of these deliberations very shortly.

New England Sportsman's Show

AN oldtime New England Sportsmen's show will be held January 29 to February 5 in the Mechanics Building, Boston, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

It is planned to revive the famous eastern sportsmen's shows of years ago, and according to present plans will eclipse any similar event in recent years. Six months of painstaking preparation by eastern sportsmen has produced a collection of features of unusual attraction.

Practically all of the New England States and the eastern Canadian provinces are planning exhibits. The United States Department of Agriculture is moving their large exhibit from the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial to Boston for this show. The Izaak Walton League will have a booth at the show in charge of Dr. John W. Ruskin, one of their best field representatives. Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ontario, the wild waterfowl conservationist and motion picture photographer of international fame, will be one of the star attractions, having been booked to appear under the auspices of the Izaak Walton League.

Others of national reputation in conservation and photography are scheduled to participate, including Thornton W. Burgess of nature story fame, William L. Finley, the well-known wild life photographer, and numerous others. Some of the programs will be broadcast over radio station WBZ.

Thousands of sportsmen from the eastern states and Canadian provinces are expected to attend, and conservation efforts should benefit materially as a result of the interest aroused.

Special Outdoor Conference Committee

THE executive committee of the President's Conference on Outdoor Recreation held a meeting in Washington, D. C. on December 8. At this meeting outstanding leaders in conservation were either present or ably represented.

After careful consideration a special committee was selected to sponsor and advance as rapidly as possible all constructive conservation legislation during this session of Congress. Honorable George D. Pratt of New York, President of the American Forestry Association, was selected chairman and Arthur Ringland, Executive Secretary of the President's Conference, as the secretary of this special legislative committee.

Bills endorsed were the Federal Migratory Bird Refuge Bill, the McNary-Woodruff bill to purchase large areas of forest lands in the eastern half of the United States for use as national forests, and a bill to establish a national arboretum. The committee authorized a public announcement of the personnel of this special committee, which will include active leaders in all parts of the United States, as soon as completed.

It was agreed that while this special committee shall take the lead in furthering conservation bills in this session of Congress, various committees sponsoring measures endorsed shall still continue to render every possible assistance.

New York Game Conference

THE Thirteenth National Game Conference held under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association in New York City December sixth and seventh attracted the attention of leading conservationists and sportsmen from all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico. At the head of the Canadian delegation of visitors were Hon. W. W. Cory and Hon. John B. Harkin, while Professor Carlos Lopez, Director of the National Department of Game, Mexico, represented his country. Hon. Frederic Walcott of Connecticut was the chairman, and the conference was acclaimed a success in every way.

Among the most important subjects discussed were the various problems confronting game breeders, by well-known authorities on the subject; The Relative Merits of Alternate and Open Seasons, led by Hon. J. F. Gould, Commissioner of Game and Fish, Minnesota; Budgeting the Funds of State Game Departments, led by Hon. I. T. Quinn, Commissioner of Game and Fisheries, Alabama; Simplification and Codification of Game Codes, by John E. Fertig, Assistant Director, Pennsylvania Legislative Reference Bureau, and discussed by Dr. H. J. Donaldson, President of the Pennsylvania Game Commission and a member of the National Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League; an alarming report on The Mortality of Migratory Game Birds in Western Marshes by Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, and Hon. David H. Madsen, State Game and Fish Commissioner of Utah; The Status of the Wild Turkey by Nash Buckingham, East Alton, Illinois; Game Problems in Mexico by Professor Carlos Lopez; also reports on the grouse disease investigation by Dr. A. A. Allen of Cornell University, and the quail investigation by H. L. Stoddard, Field Assistant of the Bureau of Biological Survey.

The closing session was addressed by Hon. John B. Harkin, who assured the conference that Canada is doing everything within her power to preserve both resident and migratory game. He was followed by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who made a stirring plea for wild life conservation. As a closing contribution George Palmer Putnam presented a number of reels of unusual pictures of a recent Greenland expedition headed by him.

The conference, after discussion, unanimously endorsed the Federal Migratory Bird Refuge and Marshlands Conservation Bill now pending before Congress.

Jackson Hole Elk

THE Izaak Walton League, as a result of a direct appeal to its members and friends, raised a fund of $60,000 with which to purchase a considerable area of suitable haylands adjacent to the lands under the control of the Biological Survey. The League purchased and is maintaining 1,760 acres of haylands, a large part of which acreage is irrigated, and in 1925 cut and stacked for use when needed by the elk 610 tons of hay. In 1926, a poor hay year, 360 tons were harvested and stacked. Due to mild weather during the winter of 1925-26 very little feeding was necessary so the crops for both years are ready for use. The Izaak Walton League is expending considerably over $3,000 a year to maintain this project.

The Biological Survey hay ranch nearby contains 2,800 acres, and the government has available almost 2,500 tons of hay. The state of Wyoming on two refuges nearby has about 265 tons of hay ready for use.

The first elk came down to feed on the haylands in November, about the usual time. They are reported to be in good condition. Representatives of the League and the Biological Survey in Wyoming predict a rather severe winter, and if their prognostications are correct, very extensive feeding will be necessary to keep large numbers of elk from starving. The largest losses, if any, will occur among the 1926 calves and very old animals. What is known as the southern herd, feeding in the Jackson Hole during the wintertime, is now variously estimated at from 10,000 to 30,000 elk.

Dall De Weese, of Canon City, Colo., has recently made an extensive study of the Jackson Hole elk for the League and will make an illuminating report soon.

The League and its friends have been highly commended for their part in helping to save this splendid herd of game animals.

Redwood Resistance

An article dealing with the splendid qualities of the old redwoods now being destroyed

By WILBORN J. DEASON

Author of "Nature's Silent Call"

A CIVET cat and a ringtail scampered about one evening in early November as I was "trying" to build a campfire under the redwoods.

Anyone who has camped under the great sequoias knows that their wood does not burn readily. Shavings made from dry redwood usually refuse to burn after the force of the match is spent. Redwood bark burns fairly well when some other wood is used as kindling. This fire resisting characteristic has done much to save these great forests. Everywhere in the forests the results of fire may be seen. Occasionally, trees with their entire centers burned away, leaving only the bark and a thin outer shell, are found, and yet these trees continue to live. An interesting example of this is the famous old "Telescope" tree of Mariposa Grove. There are many somewhat similar examples in the groves of Northern California.

Another interesting observation that shows their resistance to fire was the finding of redwood stumps and roots with long cylindrical holes in them where the roots or trunks of other trees had been burned out. The redwood tree had grown over and around some other tree trunk, as often occurs, and later the fire had come and burned away the less resistant woods, leaving the redwood only charred on the outside. Anyone who cares to do so, may find an excellent sample of this in an old stump lying on the east side of the Redwood Highway, eight miles north of Orick.

Evidence of resistance of redwood logs to decay may be found in the many instances where trees have grown out of the fallen redwood trunks. All along this road, and especially in the Russ forest, tideland spruce, redwoods and other trees may be found growing directly upon the fallen trunks of giant sequoias. The roots have, in most cases, grown around the fallen trunk and have gone deep into the earth, but some may be found growing directly from the moss covered bark of the fallen tree.

One spruce that measured twenty-three feet four inches in circumference, was found growing over a redwood log that had been reduced by fire and decay to five feet in diameter, but the remaining wood of the sequoia log was sound.

Another fallen sequoia trunk had five spruce trees growing upon it. The sequoia log at the base is about twelve feet in diameter. Seventy-five feet above the base, it is eight feet six inches in diameter. The bark in most places is still intact. A large tideland spruce, thirteen feet four inches in circumference, is growing near the base. Another, about eighty feet from the base, is growing on the trunk, which is sixteen feet six inches in circumference. These measurements were made about five feet above the bases of the trees. The wood of this sequoia is in perfect condition for about one hundred fifty feet. It is eleven miles north of Orick, California, on the Redwood Highway. Anyone who cares to do so, may find this tree and check our observations and measurements. This, and several other similar trees may be found along the roadside through this grove.

We counted the rings of growth on several tideland spruce, but found that they vary greatly, due perhaps to climatic conditions during the first fifty or one hundred years of the life of the tree. The size of a tideland spruce is no definite criterion of its age. A conservative estimate would put the age of these spruces at from one hundred fifty to two hundred fifty years. The fallen redwood must have lain for many years before collecting enough moss and soil to enable the spruce seed to take root. It would seem safe to estimate that some of these redwood trunks have lain on the ground from three to six hundred years with practically no decay of the wood and many still retaining their bark. I am sure that this is a very conservative estimate.

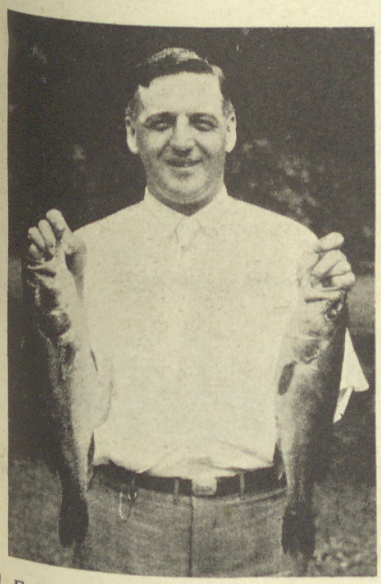
Another interesting example was *(Continued on page 61)*

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary



A. F. Long, Springfield, re-elected President of the Ohio Division.

Ohio State Convention

OFFICERS of the Ohio Division, I. W. L. A. were elected at the recent state convention held in Springfield. These officers are as follows: President, A. F. Long, Springfield, Ohio; First Vice-President, T. D. Peffley, Dayton, Ohio; Second Vice-President, W. H. DeBusman, Tiffin, Ohio; Third Vice-President, W. C. Huber, Fostoria, Ohio; Secretary, Stanley C. Hathaway, Springfield, Ohio; Treasurer, K. H. Trustdorf, New Philadelphia, Ohio; Directors, Dr. S. C. Sackett, Fremont, Ohio; H. H. Heed, Cambridge, Ohio; John P. Naas, Dayton, Ohio; M. W. Johnson, Kenton, Ohio; Judge E. F. Short, Sidney, Ohio; Prof. H. McClure, Athens, Ohio; G. T. Broadhurst, Lakewood, Ohio; J. L. Deming, Findlay, Ohio; J. C. Harlor, Columbus, Ohio.

The convention was called to order by A. F. Long, president. He introduced Mayor James Thomas of Springfield who made an address of welcome.

The minutes of the last convention were read by A. H. Fry of Fremont, and approved and read. Committees were then appointed.

K. H. Trustdorf was appointed chairman of the credentials committee upon which were W. C. Huber and Frank Warren; A. C. Wagner was appointed chairman of the constitution and by-law committee with John Jacobs, F. G. Taylor and George E. Kryder; A. H. Fry was appointed chairman of the legislative committee with Judge Kreitzer and Mr. Richardson; J. C. Harlor was appointed chairman of the resolutions committee with Homer Brickle and H. M. Armstrong; the nominating committee was composed of one representative from each chapter.

Following the election of officers John Naas, past president of the division made an address.

Mr. Fry, chairman of the legislative committee read his report as follows:

"1. We recommend that the Board of Directors of the Izaak Walton League, at its next meeting, make arrangements to have a bill drawn creating a Fish and Game Commission, or Conservation Commission, whichever it might be named, in accordance with resolutions adopted by the Ohio Division at the Convention of 1925.

"We recommend further that the Board of Directors have prepared, as an alternative program, in case of failure with the Commission plan, providing for legislation to cut the bag limit on migratory birds.

"2. To prohibit the sale of wild rabbits.

"3. To prohibit fishing for mussels in Ohio.

"4. To cut the bag limit on squirrels, or close the season entirely for a specified number of years.

"5. To change the law with reference to shooting pheasants, cutting the bag limit to two per day, not more than one of which shall be a hen, as provided in the Convention of 1925."

A report of the committee appointed to investigate conditions on Sandusky Bay was then read and approved.

Seth E. Gordon, National Extension Director concluded the convention program with an address.

Columbus will be the convention site for next year.

* * *

Chicago, Ill.—Glenn Griswold, editor of the "Chicago Journal of Commerce," was unanimously elected president of the Chicago chapter, succeeding J. O. Heyworth. The other officers elected were Thornhill Broome, vice president, succeeding Frank K. Reilly; Thomas Ambrose, secretary, second term; Fred N. Peet, treasurer, second term; and Chas. S. Tuttle.

In accepting his new office, Mr. Griswold pledged himself to enlarging the local chapter which now has over 17 hundred active members. A very interesting and instructive picture, "Alaskan Adventures,"

S. C. Hathaway, Secretary Ohio Division.

Glenn Griswold elected President of Chicago Chapter.

was presented as an advance showing. It detailed a two year trip through Alaska, over the Bering Sea, into Siberia and back. We can highly recommend this picture to our readers who may have an opportunity to see it.

Dr. Henry B. Ward, one of the national directors of the League and head of the Department of Zoology at the University of Illinois, was the principal speaker, stressing "The Evils of Pollution of Inland Waters and the Remedy." One of Dr. Ward's outstanding statements was that 85 per cent of American cities are pouring untreated pollution into 95 per cent of the rivers. President Charles W. Folds also addressed the meeting, securing many new members and voicing his sentiment against stream pollution in a brief and unmistakable manner.

* * *

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Over 625 members and guests enjoyed the program of talks and special features following the annual game dinner given by this chapter. A. J. Smith, president of the local chapter, opened a program introducing Rev. James O. Simon, toastmaster. Mr. Simon in turn introduced Mr. W. T. McIlroy of Ottumwa. Roast goose was the main dish of the dinner. The entertainment consisted of solo dancing, a talk on archery by Fred M. Enders, a ventriloquistic skit staged by A. Elderkin, a three-round boxing match and a one act farce, "School Days," presented under the auspices of the Izaak Walton male quartet.

* * *

Fremont, Nebr.—Local Waltonians started a systematic city-wide membership drive at a banquet given by the local chapter. Dr. S. P. Cresap, vice president of the Nebraska Division, addressed the members on conservation as applied to Nebraska sportsmen, and spoke enthusiastically of the League's achievements in the field of

protection of American wild life. Dr. Cresap assured Chief Frank O'Connel of the Nebraska Division Fish and Game Department of the League's co-operation in his conscientious efforts to enforce the state game laws. Chief O'Connel made an address in which he stressed the point of Nebraska's wealth of natural resources with respect to the state's popularity through the development of their recreational possibilities.

* * *

Chicago, Ill.—Captain F. G. Forester of the National Parks Branch, Department of Interior, Canada, addressed the east side, the Wilmette, and the northwest chapters. Captain Forester dealt largely with the great need for conservation, and he gave a very good "Izaak Walton League" talk. He brought out the point that a great portion of Canada is composed of national parks. He stated that if they were placed in a strip three miles wide they would reach from the Eastern to the Western coast. He told how the game and fish were being restored in Canada, and how impossible it was to hunt in these parks. Fishing, however, is not prohibited in the national parks because the Canadian government has a wonderful fish hatchery system, and fingerlings are placed in the stream every year. The fishing laws, of course, are very closely followed up in these parks.

Captain Forester also showed reels of interesting pictures of Canada and the wild life there. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the lecture from start to finish. Captain Forester is giving lectures throughout the United States for the National Parks Branch, Department of Interior, and advises he will address League Chapters gratis, whenever in their vicinity.

* * *

Thomasville, Ga.—The local chapter of the League was organized by sportsmen of Thomasville, with the assistance of field representative Hugh Gulley, P. S. Twitty of Georgia, state game commissioner, and J. B. Royall, Florida state game commissioner. A petition for charter was signed by some of the very best citizens of Thomasville, and the following sportsmen were elected to serve as temporary officers until charter night, 'when permanent officers will be elected. J. M. Edwards, president; Homer Williams, first vice president; Oscar Groover, secretary, and W. S. Anderson, treasurer. In addition to the state fish and game officials mentioned, Judge H. W. Hopkins, H. L. Stoddard, Clifford E. Hay, J. M. Edwards, and Judge W. T. Moore, president of the Tallahassee Chapter, were present.

* * *

Muskogee, Okla.—R. M. Jones, president of this chapter, reports the chapter's activity in the form of an exhibit at the Oklahoma Free State Fair. In addition to the exhibition as shown in the accompanying photograph, a miniature game farm was constructed and proved to be one of the most attractive exhibits at the fair. A small area was inclosed with poultry wire and sodded with grass. Through it ran a miniature stream and plenty of feed and cover was provided for the wild prairie chicken, pheasants, quail and wild ducks that completed the natural scenic effect. This novel exhibit increased the chapter membership list about forty members.

* * *

Rochester, N. Y.—Charles Messerschmitt, chairman of the local membership committee, has organized team captains and placed their membership goal at the figure of one thousand. Judging from what we know of Mr. Messerschmitt and the activities of the Rochester chapter, we believe that they will hit the mark.

* * *

Gulfport, Miss.—W. R. Taylor informs us through a clipping from the "Gulfport Herald," that their annual meeting was recently held at the Olympia Cafe, where a splendid turkey dinner was served to the members. President John T. Connell appointed committees on game and reforestation. Ways and means were discussed for taking care of speckled trout, increasing their number. The need of saving the few green trout now in the streams of the Coast, and increasing the number of this species of trout, was also discussed. Mr. Connell was re-elected president, and R. L. Hollingsworth was re-elected secretary. The members of this chapter now number 74, and the membership committee are determined to increase this to 200. Mr. W. R. Taylor is one of the organizers of the Gulfport chapter which has been in existence a little over a year.

* * *

Lake Charles, La.—Geo. W. Taylor reports that this chapter has been busily engaged in restocking the waters in the vicinity of Lake Charles with large and small mouth black bass and rock bass. President Dr. A. K. Fort and members planted twenty cans of large mouth bass in the river twenty-five miles above Lake Charles.

* * *

The Drumlin Trout Hatchery, operated by Utica Chapter No. 3, Izaak Walton League of America, in co-operation with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, is the outcome of many years of experience and study, and no expense, time, or trouble has been spared to make it complete in every particular.

A number of the important features of the construction and conduct are new in fish culture.

The preserve consists of sixty-five acres of wild wood and farm land. The seclusion, beauty and variety of the scenery is much the same as that of the Adiron-

(Continued on page 36)

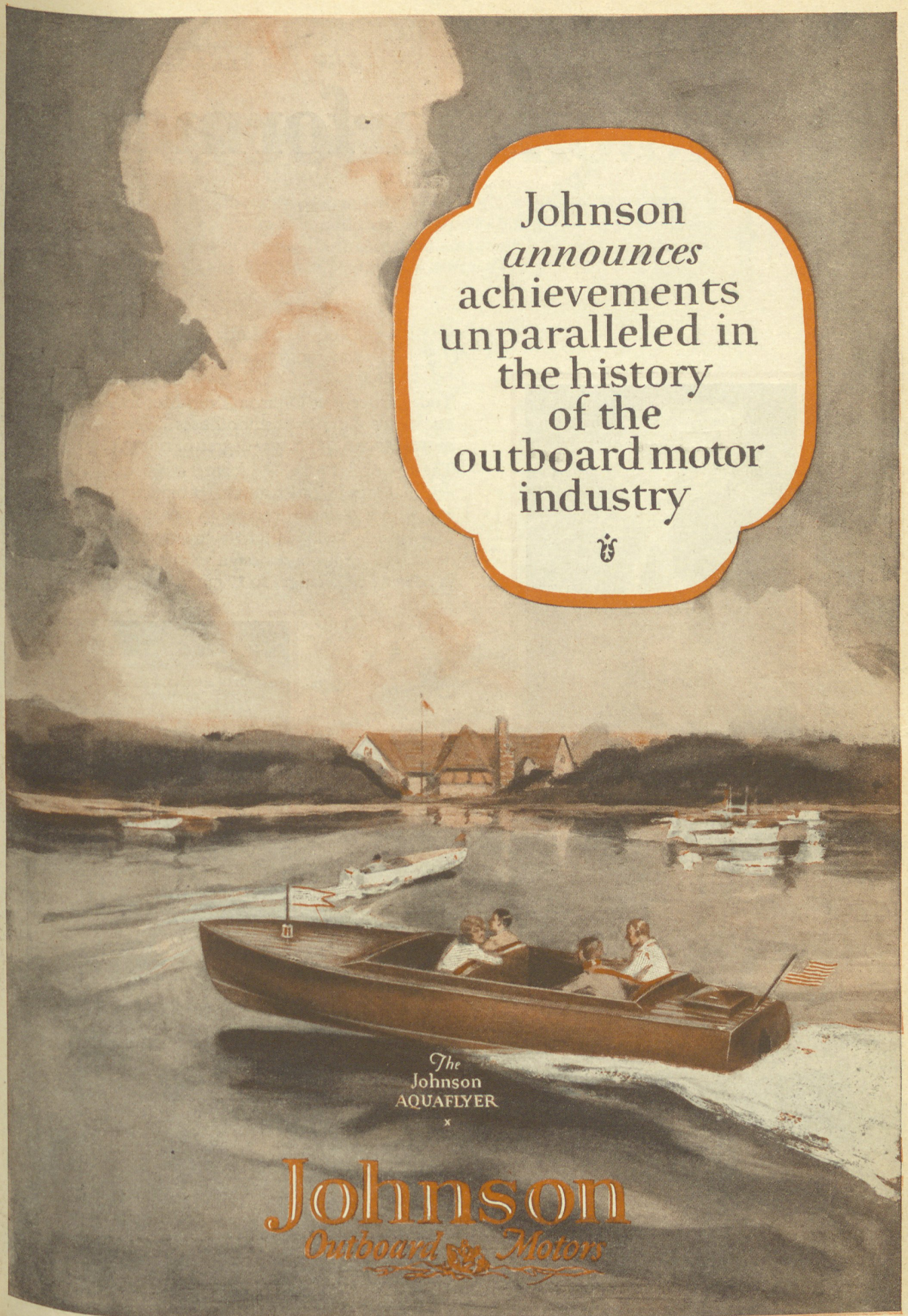
President Folds Awards Cups

Cup No. 1

Cup No. 2

Headquarters announces a sporting event made possible by the personal interest and generosity of President Charles W. Folds. Beginning January 10, 1927, an accurate record will be kept of all renewals received at Headquarters. The State Division Secretary making the best showing on renewals among all State Divisions during the twelve weeks period beginning January 10th and ending April 1, 1927, will be awarded Cup No. 1 properly engraved. The Chapter Secretary making the highest score on renewals during the same period will be awarded Cup No. 2 properly engraved. See President Folds' letter for further details.

Muskogee Chapter Booth.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of the
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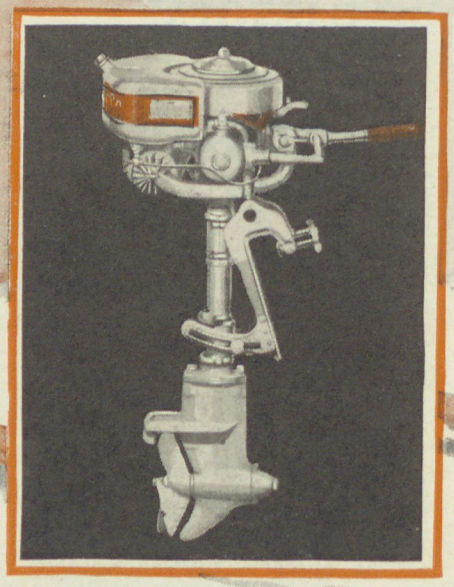
The driving or propelling force *is increased 40%* in the *new* Light Twin, due to a greater reduction gear ratio, and with a material increase in power.

The *new* Big Twin, with 21% greater piston displacement, and a four-port design motor, *is increased 33%* in power. Speed ranges to 27 miles, or better, per hour.



The BIG TWIN

The ideal motor for small runabouts, Baby Buzz boats, racing hydroplanes and commercial craft. Weight, 83 pounds. Speed range, 2 to 27 m. p. h., depending upon type of boat used.

Priced at $210.00

The STANDARD TWIN

An all-purpose motor. For lake and resort cottagers. For racing, planing type boats, as well as ordinary rowboats. Weight, 55 pounds. Speed, 2 to 20 m. p. h., depending upon type of boat used.

Priced at $165.00

WORLDS LARGEST MANUFACTURER

in outboard motors

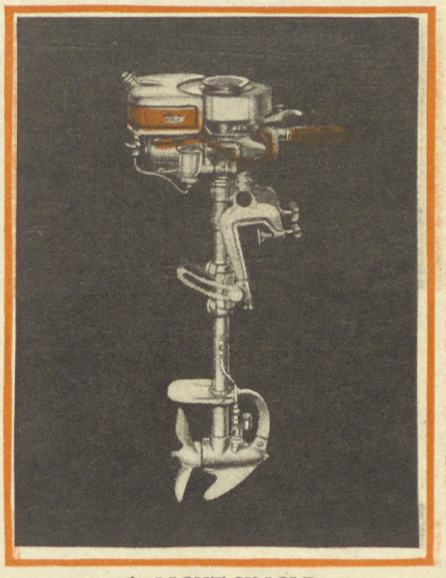
Johnson announces three *new* TWIN Models . . . a *new* LIGHT Twin . . . a *new* BIG Twin . . . and, in addition, a *new* STANDARD Twin. With the 1927 models come *new* mechanical advancements typical of Johnson. Gracing all Johnson Twin Motors is a *distinctly new* stream-line design.

An *entirely new* model—the STANDARD TWIN—is announced. It is more powerful and faster than the Light Twin—making 20 miles per hour. Yet, it is easily portable.

Gracing all Johnson Twins is a *new* stream-line lower unit which reduces water resistance, is simpler in design, and, three times more sturdy.

With these Johnson refinements is revealed a *new* smoothness of power—a *new* responsiveness—an entirely *new* standard of outboard motoring performance.

Write for further specifications and details.
A coupon is provided on the following page.



The LIGHT SINGLE

Hunters, fishermen, favor this model because of its 26-pound weight. Easily transported anywhere. Attaches to rowboat or canoe. Ideal for dinghy use. Speed range, 1 to 7 m. p. h., depending upon type of boat used.

Priced at $115.00

The LIGHT TWIN

The tourists, fishermen's, and cottagers' motor. Ideal for tender use. The lightest weight outboard twin motor made. Weight, 37 pounds. Speed, 1 to 13 m. p. h., depending upon type of boat used.

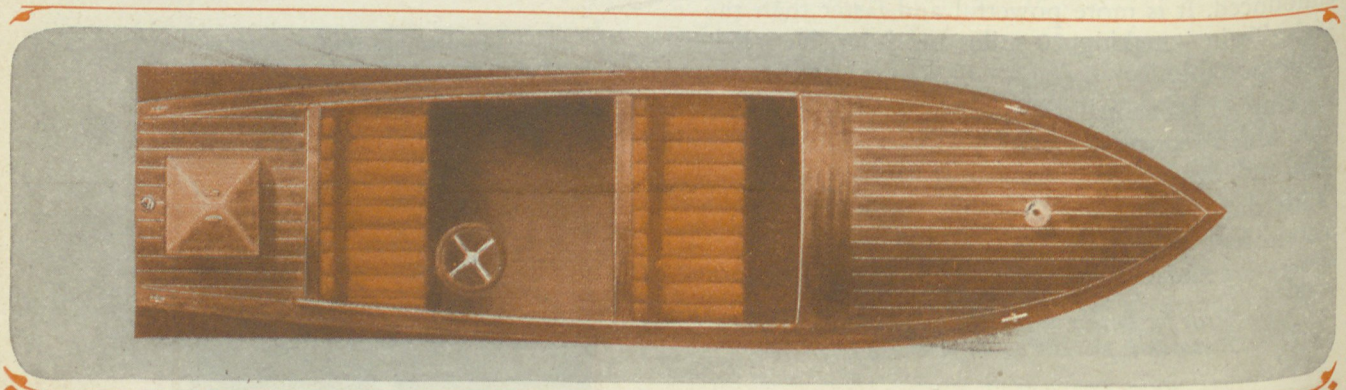
Priced at $140.00

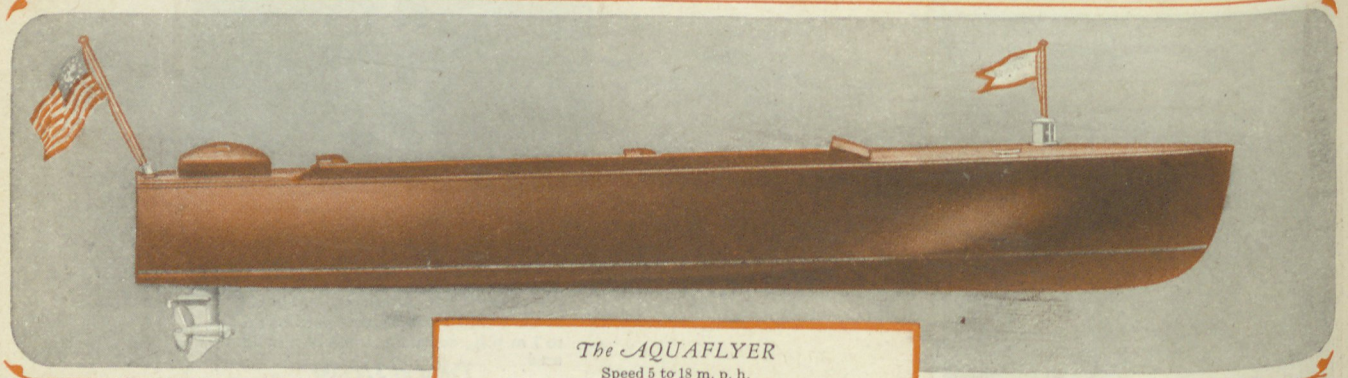
Johnson
Outboard Motors

OF OUTBOARD BOAT MOTORS

And now-the Johnson AQUAFLYER

A 17-foot runabout that changes all previous conceptions of water motoring performance . . . offers for the first time the advantages of automobile comfort and luxury . . *speed* . . . *maximum safety* . . . *beauty of design* . . . with unprecedented economy in maintenance and operation





The AQUAFLYER
Speed 5 to 18 m. p. h.
Mahogany hull. Length over all, 17 feet. Weight, complete with motor, approximately 450 pounds. Equipped with the Johnson Big Twin motor. Seats 4 persons.
Priced at $680 f.o.b. factory

THE Johnson AQUAFLYER correct in every detail, is a unit that will sell at a price lower than *any* other boat now on the market possesssing comparable features. It is a boat powered with a Johnson outboard motor installed in sound-proof hatch at the stern—the utmost in simplicity and ease of operation. It is light weight, yet *rugged*. Can be transported as easily as an ordinary large size rowboat. It will travel in shallow and hazardous waters as efficiently as it will coastwise, with a maximum of safety and comfort—a characteristic feature exclusive to the principle of outboard motor construction and design. It is *non-sinkable*. A boat, the power plant of which can be instantly detached for shipment, repairs, or storage. The last word in power plant accessibility. A boat that can be beached as readily as an ordinary canoe and does not require expensive facilities for housing. A boat, the initial cost and maintenance of which is but a fraction of that of present-day runabouts. The AQUAFLYER is built with that same degree of precision and exactness which has characterized every Johnson achievement since inception.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY • 1228 Sample Street • South Bend, Indiana

EXPORT DIVISION, 75 West St., New York, N. Y., U. S. A. CANADIAN DISTRIBUTOR, Peterborough Canoe Co., Peterborough, Ont., Can.
EASTERN DISTRIBUTOR, New York Johnson Motor Co., 4 West 61st Street, New York City

WORLDS LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD BOAT MOTORS

MAIL THIS COUPON

Johnson Motor Company, 1228 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.
Send complete information on: [ ] The new Johnson AQUAFLYER. [ ] The Four Johnson Motors for 1927.

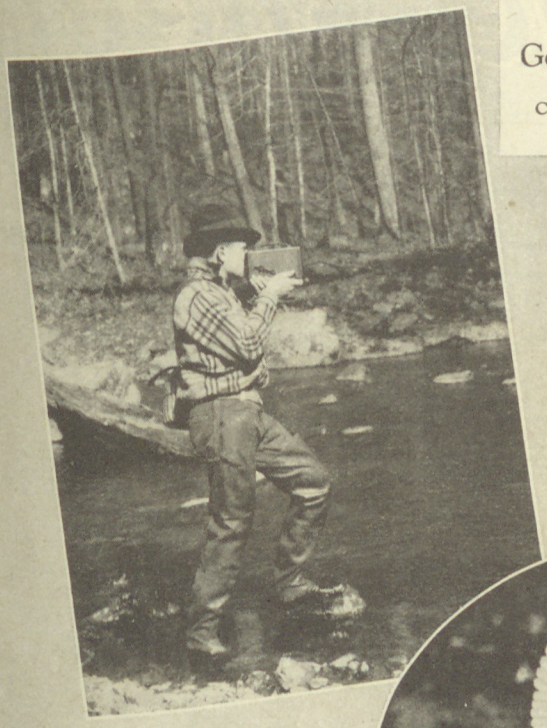
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Johnson Outboard Motors

Better Amateur Photography

"Eyes of the Air," a splendid article on airplane photography, by Dwight R. Furness (one of the twelve original men called by the government to establish a school for aerial photography), will appear in the March issue.

Edited by
George H. High
of the
Chicago Camera Club



© Eastman
He dropped he rod and cracked down with the camera.

© Eastman
Could anything be more beautiful than this?

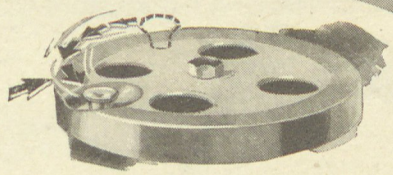
© Eastman
Perfect form.

© Eastman
In the velvet.

© Eastman
"Where's that gun?"

The Sheer
The Super Elto
Designed & Built by Ole Evinrude
The Super
"Starts

Joy of Sure Starting



SHOVING off toward hoped-for sport — quick pick-ups from reef to bar to reed bed — the scurry homeward at the last late minute — then it's great to know the simple fact — "My Elto will start."

It's the greatest joy among all the joys of outboard motor boating. It means contentment, serene confidence in the pleasures ahead. No "if"—no "maybe"—no "hope so." *It will start.* It will start *easily, instantly.* No winding of ropes, no spinning, no tugging. Just that easy quarter turn flip of the fly wheel. *It starts.*

Yes, we urge and impress easy starting — possibly to the neglect of equally deserved emphasis on Elto's many other points — but *it does mean so much.* It goes so very far to insure your satisfaction in your motor investment. It is so critically important to the other members of your family who will use your motor. It is so sound a warranty of capable performance and inbuilt reliability throughout.

There are other vital facts that you will want to know about the Super Elto. Such facts as Elto's abundance of power, its speed, its lightness, its exclusive features of rudder steering, Propello Pump and many others. They are fully and interestingly covered in the new Elto catalog — gladly mailed to you on request.

But beyond all catalog descriptions, above all sales-floor claims, stands the plain, over-shadowing truth — there is no pleasure in outboard motor boating that equals *the sheer joy of sure, easy starting!*

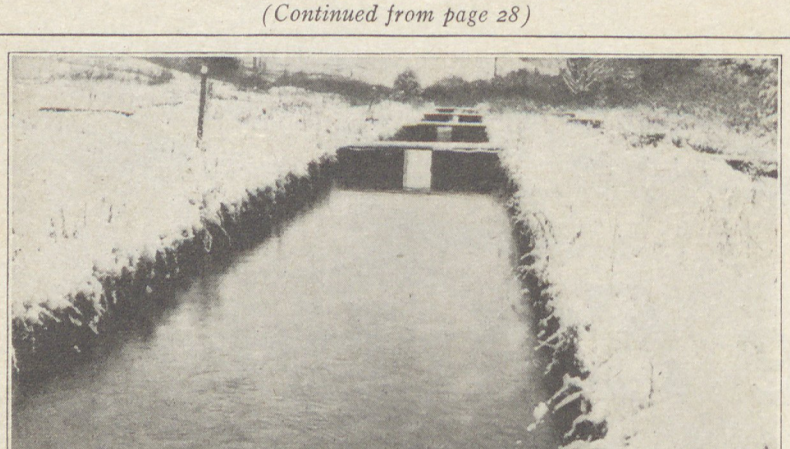
Send today for the New Super Elto Catalog

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Ole Evinrude, President and General Manager
Dept. 42, Mfs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Elto
"with a quarter turn"

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 28)



Drumlin Ponds.

dack wilderness. The farm buildings lie close to the highway and the hatchery is hidden by the hills.

The hatchery is supplied with pure cold water from never failing springs, which flow in equal volume throughout the entire year. In mid-summer the water never reaches a temperature higher than fifty-four degrees. The springs, rising near the middle height of an overlying moraine, form into swift flowing brooks, and course through the property, eventually forming a large pond near the border of the preserve.

The stock consists of wild trout, "Salvelinus fontinalis," long indigenous to these natural brooks, and no other stock has ever intermingled. On account of this long and exclusive occupation, and of the purity and low temperature of the water, the trout, highly colored, with many bright spots, are strongly marked and finely shaped. Their bodies are dark in color, owing to shade in the upper stretches of the brooks and the depth of the lower ponds.

The modern and complete hatchery, situated near the head waters, has its foundation walls, floors, troughs, rearing ponds, etc., of concrete; no wood being used to invite fungus diseases. The water is taken directly from the springs through the main and central supply trough to twenty-four triplicate incubating and rearing troughs, each incubating trough having independent large size regulating supplies. Some one trough of each triplicate set is at all times kept free of ova, thus affording opportunity for a thorough cleansing. This process of cleaning and alternate transferring of ova is continued each day of the incubation period, so that absolute sanitary conditions are maintained. At cleaning time, by mechanical devices, the soiled water and refuse are emptied into a separate channel, so as not to pass through the rearing ponds. The temperature of the water in the winter never falls below forty degrees and the building is maintained at fifty degrees by means of a steam heating apparatus.

The hatchery is well lighted, so that every stage of incubation may be observed, yet so shaded that direct sunlight cannot reach the ova.

The capacity of eyed ova is 3,000,000, and 1,000,000 fry may be retained indoors for three months without overcrowding.

The rearing ponds, situated near the hatchery, are so arranged that any one of them may be emptied independently of the others, thus permitting careful observation and cleansing. They have been constructed in the most scientific manner, having been arranged with valved drain pipes, spillways and screens. Their size and depth are carefully suited to the growth of the trout. Through these ponds at all times passes a large volume of pure water. There is no river water used, and no swamps or stagnant places lie in or near the brooks and ponds.

The brooks are provided with numerous shaded places, and the spawning riffs are wide and floored with natural gravel bottoms. The trout in the spawning season find their way to these riffs in large numbers, are here trapped, and held captives until their ova are ripe. One pond and one brook, where the most beautiful brook trout, "Salvelinus fontinalis," are raised, are reserved and devoted to wild trout. The brightest-colored, best shaped, and strongest of these wild fish are secured and their eggs stripped and hatched for replenishing stock.

The Drumlin trout inhabit waters containing a large amount of natural food, and special foods are only given while the fish are very small—a trout in any of the ponds will soon grow to weigh one pound. Their bodies are not long and slim with big heads—but fat and firm with small heads, as should be the case with well fed, delicious trout.

It is the intention of the Utica Chapter to distribute the entire production of this hatchery in the many streams within a radius of forty or fifty miles of Utica.

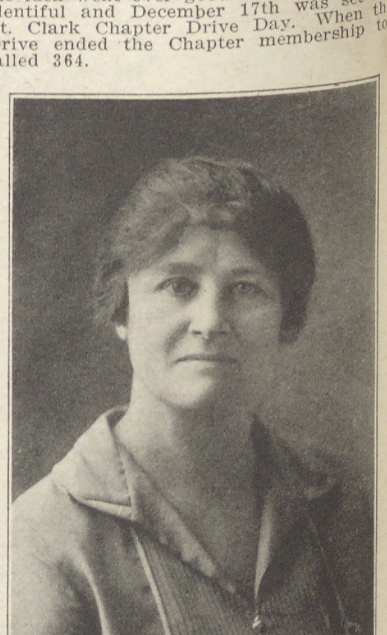
Illinois Wants Slogan

At the quarterly meeting of the Board of Governors of the Illinois Division, held in Bloomington, Illinois, on Saturday, December 4th, 1926, it was unanimously decided by the Board of Governors to offer a prize of a silver cup properly engraved, to any member of the Izaak Walton League of Illinois who presents the best slogan not to exceed ten words, to be adopted at the Fifth Annual State Convention, to be held in Danville, Illinois, on February 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1927.

All slogan letters must be addressed to William B. Kemp, State Secretary, Illinois Division, I. W. L. A., Chamber of Commerce, Joliet, Illinois, and in the lower left-hand corner mark plainly "Slogan" together with the name of the Chapter to which member belongs.

Commander Byrd, who flew to the North Pole, will address Chicago Chapter at the Palmer House, Feb. 21.

Peoria, Ill.—December 13th, the coldest night of the year with the old thermometer hitting at 5 below, and the wind cutting through to the bone, the Fort Clark chapter staged its first smoker at the Fey Hotel. The program outlined by President Alphon L. Anderson and Secretary M. C. Halladay went over big—the entire crowd were called on to tell their pet fish stories, and they were stories that would put some of the experts to shame. The judges were at a loss to judge whom the great honor was rightfully to be awarded. They hit on a happy medium, and lined all the prevaricators in a circle and charged them a dime a piece, to pitch said dime at the mark, the winner thereof to be judged champion and awarded the prize. The lucky man was John Haase who won the flash light donated by Jackson Keenon Co. Next, Secretary Halladay, who had obtained a box of Oregon apples donated by Jake Muller, one of the enthusiastic members, disposed of the apples at a profit to the Chapter. President Anderson then took charge of the meeting and sprang the one-day membership drive on the members and the idea went over good. Volunteers were plentiful and December 17th was set for Ft. Clark Chapter Drive Day. When the Drive ended the Chapter membership totalled 364.



Mrs. J. P. Kelley, president of White Cloud, Kansas, Chapter.

FIRST ANNUAL

State Convention

Kentucky Division

Izaak Walton League

Of America

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

January 26th and 27th, 1927

Hotel Lafayette Lexington, Ky.

The Kentucky Division is a rapidly growing part af the Izaak Walton League of America, a militant National Federation of Sportsmen, with 2,300 Chapters and members in every State in the Nation. Its prime purpose is the conservation and restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States. The League is but five years old and has more than justified its existence by what it has accomplished in the State and in the Nation.

All Members of the Kentucky Game and Fish Protective Ass'n. Kentucky Fox Hunters Ass'n.

All Sportsmen

Are Welcome and Requested to Attend

There will be speakers of State and National prominence and the entire two days will be replete with constructive work and entertainment. The World's Best Outdoor Motion Pictures.

J. QUINCY WARD, Acting State President

$200.00 for a NAME —cash

IMPROVED
Streamline Receiver

STEVENS Leads the World in Firearms Value

THE J. Stevens Arms Co. manufactured one of the first hammerless repeating shotguns and now offers the "greatest value" hammerless repeating shotgun ever made.

Dealers and sportsmen have suggested that this fine piece of Stevens workmanship have a special name of its own that would distinguish this Model 620 from all others. We are putting it up to you! Decide on the name (or names) you think best identifies and describes this wonderful hammerless repeating shotgun, and send it in to us.

All of Stevens' 18 years' experience in the manufacture of repeating shotguns has been incorporated in this new Model. Hunters will appreciate the fast and smooth trombone action, the famous Browning mechanism, with important working parts made of chrome vanadium steel. They will enjoy the sturdy, rugged, durable service built into this shotgun.

Absolute safety is assured by the special Stevens *proof testing* with extreme loads. It will shoot an even, hard hitting pattern. This arm now in full production. All jobbers have stocks.

PRICE $41.50

Take-Down — 12 Gauge — Proof Tested

Barrel: High pressure, compressed steel, 28", 30" and 32" full choked, 28" and 30" modified, 26" and 28" cylinder bored.

Action: Hammerless, visible locking bolt, safety firing pin, independent safety, side ejection.

Receiver: Drop forged, solid breech. Pistol grip. Stock checkered walnut, checkered slide handle.

Ammunition: any standard factory loaded shell up to 2¾" in length. Six shots—five in magazine, one in chamber.

First Prize

(For best name and letter giving reason for choice) $100.00

Second Prize

(for second best name and reason for choice) $75.00

Third Prize

(for third best name and reason for choice) $25.00

Conditions

All suggestions of names and letters of explanation should be in the office of the J. Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., by April 1st. Letters should not exceed 100 words. In case of duplicates, the duplicated prize will be awarded to each winning contestant. The judges for the contest are:

T. L. HOPKINS, Arms Sales Manager, Savage Arms Corporation

H. S. GARDNER, former President, American Association of Advertising Agencies, and

IRVING MYERS, of "Field and Stream"

Prizes will be awarded by May 1st. Winners will be announced in the June publication of magazines carrying this announcement. All names submitted become the property of the J. Stevens Arms Co. Competition is open to everyone except employees of the J. Stevens Arms Company and Savage Arms Corporation and their families.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

STEVENS

How Long Does an Ad Pull?

The following letter proves that ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA pull long after an issue is published.

Washington, D. C., November 16, 1926.

Mr. M. A. Bergfeld,
c/o Outdoor America,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:-

When you and I were wont to discuss the problems of advertising, there was one conclusion we agreed was sound. That is, the advertiser can practically command the moment he places his advertisement before the prospect, but he cannot in any way, shape or form, command the time at which the prospect will respond - that is, buy.

I was reminded of this when I wrote a check this morning for Landon and Warner, whose advertisement I cut out of Outdoor America about four months ago; so four months ago Landon and Warner presented their story through your columns, and today I am responding.

I thought you would like to learn about this little incident, because it is indicative of how impossible it is to judge the value of an advertising medium by the immediate response from coupon or keyed advertising. I might have waited another two months or three months or five months, and a great many people do the same thing.

Your magazine looks good, and I notice from your statements your circulation is in fine shape.

With kind regards and best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) - Name given on request.

(Applicants for Membership-at-large not accepted if living in a community where the League has a local chapter.)

Application for Membership-at-large

Izaak Walton League,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois

(Date).....

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

Applicants may enclose $3.00 with application. If for any reason applicant is not acceptable, money will be returned.

Belle Meade

(Continued from page 17)

some Italian villa than of the new hemisphere. The plantation was also noted for its stable of thoroughbred running horses which were bred and trained on the premises; and there was a fine private race track right on the property.

"Riding through the magnificent estate on the morning of our arrival, my companion and I felt indeed that our lines were cast in pleasant places. On reaching the houses we were received with great courtesy by Gen. Harding and presented to his wife and daughters.

"The place was supplied with colored servants of all ages, some of whom were detailed to look after us especially, and nothing was left undone by our generous host to add to our comfort.

"Shortly after our advent, a valuable stallion disappeared from a secluded paddock, as a result of such an incursion. This incident brought to our knowledge another grand trait in Gen. Harding's character, which I will here relate as showing his punctilious sense of honor. On discovering the loss of this fine animal, the general proceeded to Murfreesboro, where through the kindness of Gen. Rosecrans, the great Union commander, he procured passes for himself and servants to enable him to go to the front of our lines to search for his stolen property. This trip was successful in its object, and incidentally, of course, afforded Gen. Harding a thorough knowledge of the position and strength of the Union army.

"On the evening of his return home, while sitting in the library, I happened to overhear our host and his wife engaged in chat. She was asking questions about the trip and about Gen. Rosecrans. Without any deliberate planning of the question, she innocently asked: 'How many men has Gen. Rosecrans?' Her ever-courteous husband replied: 'My dear, I fully realize your question is an innocent one, and I do not doubt your discretion, but you must remember that I took the oath of allegiance as a paroled prisoner; also that I was treated as a trusted guest of Gen. Rosecrans. It would, therefore, be extremely improper for me to disclose to any one—even my beloved wife—facts regarding the strength of the Union Army.'

"In the kindly aid rendered, Gen. Rosecrans had made no mistake in trusting to the good faith and absolute honor of his southern guest.

"Not many days after this evidence of the sterling character of Gen. Harding, there came an episode which distinctly broke the calm routine of our lives.

"One Sunday morning just before dawn, we were conscious of a determined and persistent knocking at our door. Hastily rising and opening it slightly, we heard the frightened voice of a faithful darky girl saying: 'Hush! Don't make no noise, kas dere's a party of "guerrilors" outen the front gyard'n; dase getting ready a rope to hang bothen you gemmens.'

(Continued on page 52)

Killing power has been given a new meaning by the WESTERN *Open-point Expanding* bullet.

Write for literature about it, and WESTERN's many other exclusive developments—the *Lubaloy* non-fouling bullet, 30-30 *High Velocity*, *Marksman L. R.* 22—the *Xpert* shell, and *Super-X*.

Ammunition Dope Free

If there are any difficult shooting problems we can help you with, our technical staff is at your service, without charge.

Heavy goin' isn't heavy when you track in at the trail's end packin' what you went for . . . with a smile of satisfaction for the way that Western cartridge did its work.

Western

World's Champion Ammunition

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY

Branch Offices:
Hoboken, N. J., Tacoma, Wash.
San Francisco, Cal.

246 Hunter Ave., East Alton, Ill.

The Angler's Notebook

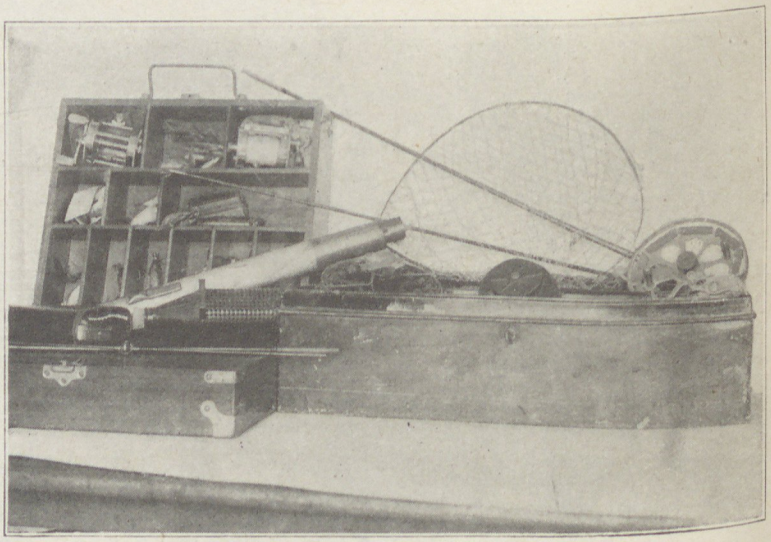
Written at Odd Moments

by O. W. Smith

I *AM* a contrary fellow I guess. In the good old summer-time when all my friends are crazy about fishing, I lie under the trees on the bank and dream; now, that the snow lies deep and silent everywhere, I am crazy about fishing. I am studying tackle-catalogues, varnishing rods, filing hooks, pouring o'er new and old treatises on angling. I am as busy as a gray-back in a lumber-camp. Fishing never appeals to me so strongly as it does in prospect.

Oh, I know the joy of trying conclusions with a monster rainbow or bass, none better; but the trouble with me, I guess, lies in the fact that the catching of fish is not the end of my fishing. Wonder if you get what I mean? Any day, any where I will hang my rod in a willow tree, as did the Israelites their harps, and follow the trail of some elusive songster, the shining flight of a new butterfly, or bend over the open cup of some strange wild-flower. It is not, and never was, all of fishing to catch fish. And as between getting ready to go fishing, and actually fishing, I swear I believe the latter is most enticing. Comes the memory of a straining rod and thrumming line.

I was out with my lightest rod, a 2½ ounce, 8½ ft. cementing of sentient bamboo, tested and tried; the use of which has brought down upon my head the vocal wrath of Indian Billy, for that aborigine sees in a rod—no, "pole"—only an instrument for hauling out fish by main strength and awkwardness. I was using the smallest of "light trout" leaders, and a tiny No. 18 fly, sent me from across the water. It was an outfit with which one should angle for moon-beams rather than fish. Of course Fate stuck in her oar and a great brown rolled over lazily, carelessly, but when he went down the reel shrieked in alarm and protest. How that rod endured the tremendous strain I cannot imagine. My only comfort lay in the knowledge that the leader would probably part before the tip disintegrated. I experienced about the sensation a man would who had hold of the tail-end of a lightning flash. How long the struggle continued I have no means of knowing, whether a century or an aeon I cannot say. I was glad, very, when the leader finally gave up the battle and the brown started for Gitchee Gumee with my prized fly. Ye-e-s-s, I know the pleasure of fighting fish, but I also know the pleasure of getting ready to do battle with them.



The old tackle box.

Now, while the creeks and lakes of the north are locked beneath two feet of ice, and the snow lies deep over and around my camp, I am planning great things for next summer. It is not enough to get in touch with railroad and steam-boat companies, resort-men and swarthy-faced guides, there's the tackle to look to. There never was a time more propitious than the present for setting the tackle-house in order, which is not a palliative for fishingitis, rather an aggravative; but, believing as I do that there is no actual fishing to be compared with that which lies just around the corner, I favor scratching the itch. In this case, we are doing two very definite things, we are enjoying ourselves getting ready for that which we fondly imagine will prove a greater joy. There is nothing like entering an open season with everything in the outfit in apple-pie order.

The first object coming in for our attention is of course the rod, or more probably, rods. The battery should be gone over carefully, every loose ferrule re-set, and every frayed or damaged winding removed and replaced. No great task to even re-wind a whole rod if you set about it now while you have all the time there is. You are familiar with the method, but if not, there are scores and scores of books telling how, or any experienced friend will be glad to enlighten you. Remember that applying shellac directly to silk winding will darken it several shades, better far apply some of the prepared silk dressings, or use collodion and banana-oil, equal parts, then when the varnish is spread on, your windings will not blush. The varnishing of a rod calls for some care and circumspection. Select a warm day or warm room, free from dust, and spread on the varnish evenly, smoothly, being careful not to run over on the metal parts. Nothing more unsightly than a careless job. Hang the rod up to dry and, just because time is not at a premium, you can allow a week or ten days before applying the second coat. If the rod is an old friend, a bit twisted in the back, a flat-iron or other heavy weight attached to the butt, while the tip-top is held from a support above, will do wonders. Oh, we all have rods, sadly bent and twisted, mute records of great battles, that cannot be straightened; who would want to anyway, for they are more precious as they are, giving emphasis to that story of the one that got away. The proper place for such heroes is the saint's rest in the corner of the tackle cabinet.

There are the flies and lures to be gone over, the worn and frayed survivors culled out, not ruthlessly, but tenderly. "What do you do with your spoiled flies?" asks a correspondent. I have one drawer filled with such heroes of the ichthyic strife, too precious to be destroyed, but not good enough for a second season. I am thinking of a thick-paged book, one of those nice kodak albums, and I shall mount a small picture of the stream where the battle took place, or a picture of the monster that did not get away, and just below

the fly which did the deed. Can you imagine anything more precious? I can't. But look all the lures over carefully, discarding—no, retiring—all that show unmistakable signs of wear. It is the only safe way, for weakness at the point of contact (Sounds like an introduction to an essay on psychology!) spells disaster.

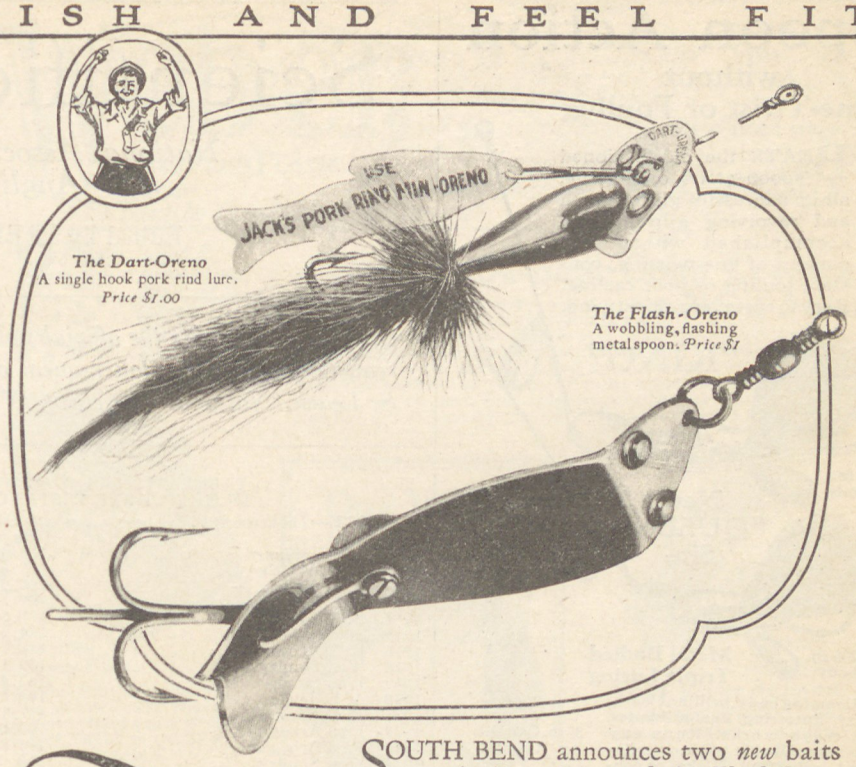
Next, the lines, upon which so much depends. Not much one can do for the casting lines, save test them out now, for the time to care for them is during the days of active use, drying after each day's work and keeping scrupulously clean. Anyhow, one has no business expecting a casting line to last forever and a day. Now that you have time, take a pencil and paper and do a little figuring over the distance a line travels during a single morning's casting. The result will surprise you as it has me. No wonder a casting line, the best procurable, is short lived. Always test out the casting end before you go fishing; any portion that can be broken easily with the hands should be removed. Always lay in a stock of new lines early, so that you will have them at the moment of great need. I carry an extra one always, in a sealed tube, air-tight, water-tight, dirt-proof.

The fly-line is a string of another color, so to speak. The well-built level line costs good money, and the tapereds, more money, but they are worth all they cost. A tapered fly-line should last the careful angler for a lifetime. Dirt and rust are enemies that must be guarded against. Wash often in tepid water, drying in the shade. Go over with a line-dressing recommended by the maker, and rub in carefully. If the dressing shows wear, or cleavages anywhere, *send back to the maker who built it*, for some other man's dressing may be injurious to it.

And there are the reels, casters and fly-reels; they, too, will thank you for a bit of attention, even if you have cared for them right along. There is so much machinery about the anti-backlash, level-winder, free-spool, automatic, and even the single action, that if parts are the least bit out of adjustment or worn the slightest, use will ruin. Pays to examine closely, replacing any parts showing the least sign of wear. If you think best, send the reel back to the shop for adjustment, but before you do, give it a thorough cleaning and polishing, just to see its tickled glow when it smiles up into your face. Remember a grain of dirt in the mechanism of a modern winch spells disaster.

Reminds me that once upon a time I took a friend out casting, and as I thought to please him, I selected for his use a certain rod very precious to me, and a reel of international reputation, one more valuable in my eyes than many diamonds. Imagine my consternation and heart-break, when he removed it from his rod, all wet and weary, and dropped it right down in the sand and actually shoved it towards me —*in the sand, mind you!*—with his foot. No, I didn't murder him then and there, tear him from limb to limb; but I never took him fishing again. The, the, the barbarian!

FISH AND FEEL FIT



Two new ones

SOUTH BEND announces two *new* baits . . . the *Dart-Oreno* and the *Flash-Oreno*. When you start rigging up the old tackle box a couple o' months from now—here are two baits that should have a place on the very first tray.

They're both lively action lures.

Dart-Oreno is a single-hook, pork rind bait weighing but ⅝ ounce. It has a high finish metal body of either nickel, copper or brass. Hook is masked in several gay combinations of hackle and buck-tail. The pork strip attaches well ahead of the hook, wiggling back and forth *directly over the hook*. It hooks 'em—no short strikes.

In action, *Dart-Oreno* is the liveliest lure of its type ever offered to anglers. It is a semi-surface pork-rind bait ideal for casting or trolling.

Flash-Oreno is a wobbling, *but not revolving*, metal spoon with treble hook. Effective for trolling, also successful for casting. Furnished in highly polished nickel, copper or gold plated. Also in enameled red head with white body.

You'll hear about these two *new* ones. They're *right* in attraction qualities, action and principle. Include them in your tackle box this season.

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY

Manufacturers of the Most Complete Line of Fishing Tackle.

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SOUTH BEND

SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY

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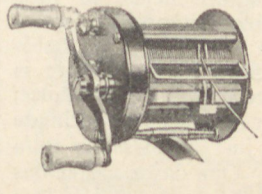
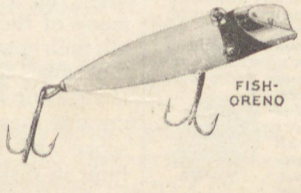


No. 1200 — South Bend Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash Casting-Reel. Quadruple multiplying gearing. *Price $10.50.*



South Bend Fish-Oreno the bait that's guaranteed to catch fish or your money refunded. *Price $1.25 each.*

Black-Oreno Silk Casting-Line. A hard, closely braided black water-proof line in various test sizes.

Spoon Action
without
Line-Twist or Fouling

BEATS the old-fashioned spoon at its own game; all its successful glitter, flash and revolving *appearance* accomplished without the penalty of line-twisting, constant fouling or poor casting. Easy to cast even against wind.

"KING"
3 in. body

New "QUEEN" Size
2⅜ in. body

Metal Bodied Triple Luring

Gleaming body, brilliant feathers, fluttering flasher-blades. Always works. Runs any depth. Usable with or without pork-strip. Nickel or copper metal surfaces or one side in brilliant red-and-white or scale finish enamel, each, $1.00.

37 lb. Caught by August C. O. Peter, Milwaukee, Lake-of-the Woods, Ont.

Also "SILVER KING"
4 in. Size for Tuna, Musky, Etc.

I enclose photo showing limit of Bass. Also note string of Northern Pike in water. All caught on your new metal-body lure which I think very much of.
R. O. Christensen
Aberdeen, So. Dak.

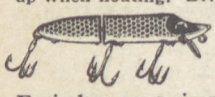
New for 1927

Zig-wag

Heddon's greatest bait achievement. Double action. Body zig-zags in true swimming course while tail whips sidewise . . $1.25

Luny Frog

First and only frog imitation with wood bait principles. A bait for the Big Ones. Sits up when floating. Dives, swims . . $1.25



Swimming Vamp

Entirely new swimming motion added to this successful favorite . . . . $1.25.

NEW SALT WATER RODS
of Tempered Brown-tone Bamboo
Heavy and light weights, all conforming to salt water club regulations.

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"The Box with the Red Edge" —seen and recognized in more tackle stores and angler's kits than any other feature in the fishing world.

IN 16 years of Field & Stream's National Contests more prize Bass have been taken on Heddon baits than on all similar lures combined.

16TH YEAR

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

Scientific Angling

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the N. A. S. A. C. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

TABULATION OF THE WINNERS AND THEIR SCORES
IN THE THREE DISTANCE BAIT EVENTS—¼, ½, ⅝ oz.

NOTE—These records have been taken from the official scores published after each Tournament—Editor

Year	Winner	Average ¼ Oz. Distance	Winner	Longest Cast
1909	A. D. Whitby	125.4	R. Johnston Held	152.5
1910	B. F. Flegel	148.6	B. F. Flegel	162.8
1912	C. E. Lingenfelter	169.7	C. E. Lingenfelter	179.8
1914	B. F. Flegel	177.5	B. F. Flegel	193.2
1915	Stanley Forbes	134.2		158
1916	E. M. Town	141.	G. G. Chatt	171
1918	Wm. Stanley	139.1	C. E. Lingenfelter	185
1919	Wm. Stanley	162.4	C. E. Lingenfelter	177
1920	A. E. Fogle	164.6	E. F. Sutter	219
1921	R. D. Heetfield	197.1	R. D. Heetfield	213
1922	Fred Arbogast	193.6	Fred Arbogast	215
1923	Fred Arbogast	208.8	Fred Arbogast	225
1924	Wm. Stanley	216	Fred Arbogast	225
1925	Fred Arbogast	214.7	Fred Arbogast	258
1926	Fred Arbogast	240.6	W. F. Newcomb	
		½ Oz. Distance		
1907	Ray Lum	179		198
1908	R. Johnston Held	193.4	L. E. DeGarmo	212
1909	R. Johnston Held	193.4	R. Johnston Held	215
1910	B. F. Flegel	203.7	B. F. Flegel	243
1912	B. F. Flegel	214.4	C. E. Lingenfelter	208
1913	C. J. McCarthy	178.3	C. E. Lingenfelter	234
1914	B. F. Flegel	222.1	B. F. Flegel	
1915	Oscar Lane	193.3		214
1916	G. G. Chatt	191.8	A. Jay Marsh	222
1918	W. J. Jamison	187.4	G. G. Chatt	274
1919	G. G. Chatt	220.6	C. E. Lingenfelter	228
1920	A. E. Fogle	215	A. E. Fogle	243
1921	Wm. Stanley	232	Wm. Stanley	271
1922	Fred Arbogast	250.9	Fred Arbogast	284
1923	Fred Arbogast	257.9	Fred Arbogast	277
1924	Fred Arbogast	267.6	Fred Arbogast	293
1925	W. F. Newcomb	261.2	Fred Arbogast	302
1926	W. F. Newcomb	293.2	W. F. Newcomb	
		⅝ Oz. Distance		
1920	Fred Kleinfeldt	177	Fred Bolton	191
1921	Wm. Stanley	209.5	G. G. Chatt	227.5
1922	G. G. Chatt	203.4	Fred Arbogast	214.6
1924	Fred Arbogast	244.8	Fred Arbogast	250
1925	G. G. Chatt	231.4	Arbogast-Chatt	242
1926	G. G. Chatt	237.4	Fred Arbogast	268

No Tournaments in 1911 and 1917
¼ oz. Event was not started until 1909.
⅝ oz. Event was not started until 1920—Omitted in 1923.

THE RISE OF DISTANCE BAIT CASTING.

No part of Tournament Casting has shown such development and progress as the Distance Bait Events, ¼, ½, and ⅝ oz. While not equal in popularity to the Accuracy Events, the three Distance Baits have aroused a keener interest, a more varied study and a more intense competition during the past six years than any other branch of the sport.

It is safe to say that two-thirds of the time devoted to practice casting is spent on the distance fields, in fact, many of the leading distance men spend all their practice time there. It holds the same fascination as golf, there is always the chance to increase distance, no one has ever reached an ultimate score and it is just a guess as to a limit in distance. One day a caster has perfect form and the next day may lose it all; his thumbing may be faulty or he puts the "kick" in the wrong place and he cannot get the correct "time" to his swing. Even to the good ones it is a game of "ups and downs."

Although luck is a factor in the scoring it will be noticed that the ones who have practiced the most and worked the hardest are the men who always head the list of winners. Patience, industry, even temperament and observation, with a fair amount of skill and perseverance, will make a good distance bait caster. No one has reached the top except by hard climbing.

A careful study of the development and progress of Distance Bait Casting would show that there seem to be three distinct periods as indicated by the scores: the *first*, from 1907 to 1914, with a series of better scores from year to year, culminating in the great casting of Flegel and Lingenfelter; the *second*, from 1914 to 1920, in which this type of casting deteriorated and reached its lowest ebb, with a gradual betterment of the scores toward the end of the period; and the *third*, from 1920 to 1926, which one might call the *Bril-*

liant Period from the marvelous rise of interest and enthusiasm among all casters as well as from the successive breaking of records as Tournament followed Tournament, and the names of Fogle, Stanley, Chatt, Heetfield, Foss, Arbogast, White and Newcomb are foremost in the casting world.

The First Period, 1909 to 1914, shows a steady rise in the ¼ oz. from 125 feet to an average of 177 feet, and in the ½ oz. event, which was cast two years before the ¼ was started, the rise is from an average of 179 feet to 214 feet in 1912. These were the days in which Dr. R. Johnson Held made the records in both events and, following them, B. F. Flegel and Carl Lingenfelter shared the honors in 1910, 1912, 1913 and 1914. Both these men were powerful casters and easily outclassed their competitors.

After 1914, during the Second Period, came the slump until 1920. During the six years the scores made in the ¼ would be considered today the average work of a third rate caster, although the ½ fared better, but in this event the scores were below those of Flegel and Lingenfelter. In 1915 the Tournament was held at San Francisco and the western men, except the Los Angeles casters, had always given more attention to other branches of the sport, especially the fly events, so that there were but few contestants, locally, and a mere handful from the east. However, Oscar Lane, of Los Angeles, made a fine average of 193.2 feet, easily beating all comers. Again at Newark, in the following year, Distance Bait Casting was done over the water and from a platform, which presented a mental hazard not encountered before and handicapped the casters at the start.

There was no Tournament during 1917, and in 1918 at Chicago, all the contestants seemed to be in poor form. A flash of old time form appeared in 1919 in the ½ oz. event when George Chatt cast an average of 220.6 feet and Lingenfelter, who appeared once more on the distance field, made a phenomenal long cast of 274 feet, both scores setting new records.

The Third Period of Distance Bait Casting started at Columbus in 1920. During July, 1919, several casters, Schwinn, Luebbert, Heetfield and the Secretary of the Association, had visited Akron to help out in a Tournament at that place.

They were surprised to see the excellent work of the Ohio casters in the Distance Bait Events which to the local men had been considered of greater importance and had aroused greater interest than the events which had occupied the attention of other clubs among whom, at this time, Distance Bait Casting was at a low ebb. The work of Fogle and Arbogast opened the eyes of the visitors who took home with them tales of long casts with power behind them, and lightning-like throws which dwarfed the easy tosses of the apparently disinterested home talent, who could not be aroused in spite of well meant warnings. Some-

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Most satisfactory made. No kinks. Dressed through and through, highest quality, Brown. 100 feet. Level
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D— 4.50 F— 3.75
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HCH, $10.00. HDH, $9.00.
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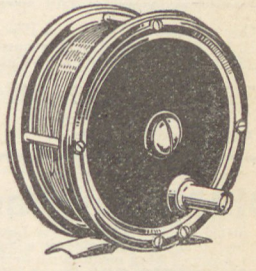
Straintest Leaders

6 in round metal carrying box with moistener pad. Level. Trout, 6 ft. $2. Bass, 4½ ft. $2. Salmon, 9 ft. $6. Dry Fly Tapered, 7½ ft. per box of 6, $3.

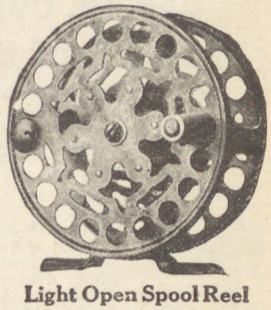
Strictly American
Cain River Salmon

—has a killing record. 6 assorted patterns on card.
Single hook, $3.60 card.
Double hook, $4.50 card.



Weber Special Perfect Balance Fly Reel

Exclusive design—perfection from every standpoint. Black composition. Bronze bushed; click. Trout, $7.00. Bass $8.00. Salmon, $9.00.



Light Open Spool Reel

Only moderate priced full capacity reel. Holds 100 ft. C. line. Very durable and satisfactory... $3.00

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The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.

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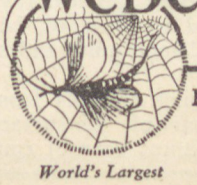

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thing must be shown and it was. At Columbus, 1920, Fogle captured both events and the outside world woke up. Fogle's scores had been surpassed at previous Tournaments, but his powerful delivery and quick, snappy action electrified his competitors and started the flame that was to burst forth at Cleveland two years later. At the 1920 Tournament was born the ⅝ oz. Distance, first recognized as an official event, though it had originated at Newark five years before as the Fisherman's Plug Distance. This event was first won by Kleinfeldt, of Chicago, though an Ohio man, Fred Bolton, made the long cast of 191 feet.

The effect of Fogle's victory was keenly felt at Chicago, and distance work became the order of the day. At Portland, 1921, the Chicago delegation broke all the Distance Bait records. Rodney Heetfield, in the ¼ oz., averaged 197 feet, 20 feet better than the record and 4 feet longer than the longest cast on record, at the same time setting a new mark for the longest cast, 219 feet, which was not beaten until 1924. In the ½ oz. Stanley jumped the previous record, 12 feet, averaging 232 feet with a long cast of 243 feet. He also averaged 209.5 in the ⅝ oz., while George Chatt made the longest cast of 227½ feet. Distance Bait casting was coming into the limelight.

These three events were all cast the first day at Cleveland in 1922, and it was, in truth, a battle of the "giants." Flegel, who had retired from competition, appeared again on the field; A. Jay Marsh, the crack from New Jersey, who had made the longest cast at Newark, 1916; Stanley, the record holder, George Chatt, Fogle, Morrison, Sutter, Bolton, Kleinfeldt and other "stars" of the various clubs made up the brilliant array of Distance Bait casters.

Among those who had the temerity to meet these champions was a young powerful man from Akron, who had competed at Columbus and seemed to have "everything" but control, at that time. But Fred Arbogast was a different man at Cleveland, he again had "everything" including control, and he defeated the country's best in the ¼ and ½ oz. events, and scored the longest cast in the ⅝ oz. Had conditions been favorable he undoubtedly would have made new records in all the events, instead of the ½ oz. only.

In the five Tournaments, 1922 to 1926, Arbogast has won the ¼ oz. four times, and made the longest cast each time except in 1926. In the ½ oz. event he has won four Tournaments and four times has made the longest cast.

In the ⅝ oz. Distance Arbogast has made the longest cast in every contest since 1922, but only once in 1924 has he won the average from Chatt. Taking the five years' Distance Bait casting as a whole, it is clear that Fred Arbogast has won the title of the "foremost Distance Bait Caster of America" and, indeed, of the whole casting world.

While the "giants" were gathered at Cleveland, a new caster from Buffalo was present to observe their form, and he went home fully inspired, for at the 1924 Tournament at Buffalo Walter Newcomb, while not a winner, gave promise of a brilliant future in the Distance game. In 1925 at Chicago he succeeded in beating the champion Arbogast in the ½ oz. event.

Distance Bait casting began a new era in 1926 when Newcomb astonished the casting world by recording a new average in the ½ oz. of 293 feet and a longest cast of 302 feet, outclassing all his competitors. Just as Fogle and Arbogast revolutionized Distance Bait casting in 1920 and 1922, so this year a new "star" has arisen with a style of cast different from that of the older champions and which has produced the greatest distance ever obtained at any Tournament.

Will the casters in the future adopt the style and form of Newcomb, and has he reached very near the limit of distance?

The Last Frontier

(Continued from page 23)

I snapped a hasty picture of this move and proceeded to do the same.

It was fast going while it lasted, but the granite chips applied diligently soon slacked our momentum and brought us to a stop near the moraine. Gaining the rocks we found it to be two o'clock so we ate our lunch. This had been badly crushed by Hutchins, who carried it, while executing the daring feat just described.

The steepest part of the glacier was now before us, reflecting the cold rays of the sun it glared its defiance, but we accepted the challenge quite enthusiastically.

Skirting the yawning crevices from which came the roar of sub-surface streams with the deftness born of caution, we started up, but constantly slipped back as fast as we advanced until I pulled forth the tiny axe I carried and began the slow labor of chopping holes into the ice for our feet.

This proved slow progress, though after an hour or so of it, we began to notice the surface of the glacier was the contour of a ball. Soon we could move forward upon our hands and knees, finally upon our feet by leaning far forward.

On and on we went, always believing that the summit presented to our view was the top of the glacier, only to discover a new summit beyond.

Suddenly before us we sighted the snow-capped tip of Gannett Peak. Then the black, bare ring of granite, and finally the very head of the glacier itself. It glistened in the sun rays

with a glare that made our tired eyes ache.

Foot weary, with every muscle of our body rebelling, we cautiously advanced over crevice after crevice, which were becoming narrower and shallower as we neared the top, until we stood in the very shadow of Gannett Peak itself.

The thrill of triumph surged through us, and with a grim smile we licked our dry lips, we had been drinking snow water with indiscretion and its effect was telling on us.

The glare of the sun was directly upon the peak and prohibited the use of a camera, so we tried to circle the peak to eliminate this. After considerable maneuvering we obtained a position, where by the use of my hat held by Mr. Hutchins to shade the camera lens, we made a few "shots" of this glacier head.

In less than half an hour we started retracing our steps and found, though it was but three-thirty, that the imprints of our boots had become frozen quite crisp.

This surprised us considerably, and proved that even beneath a bright sun it thaws only an hour or so during the day. The sun, of an intense brightness, seems to have no heat in its rays.

By placing our feet together as though skiing, we slid quite fast and smoothly over this rounded mass of ice until we neared the more abrupt portion. Here it became necessary to move with the utmost caution lest we slip down into one of the yawning crevices below.

Many times we did slip, but quickly spread out flat upon the ice to obtain more resistance. Finally we repeated our experience with granite splinters to check our momentum.

By pure dint of good fortune we had swung to our left and came upon a portion of the glacier less broken and creviced than where we had ascended, and by skilful moves avoided those existing.

Returning to our horses we were unable to ride, but staggered down the mountain side with our mounts at our heels. Gaining safer ground we mounted but soon lost the trail we had blazed, and came upon the creek above where we had crossed, and where the others were to meet us with the movie outfit and horses so we could film this dangerous crossing.

August Twenty-fifth.

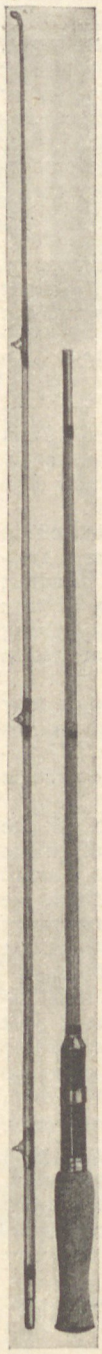
There is half an inch of ice on the water in the canvas supply buckets this morning. It had not snowed during the night as Lewis had prophesied and cleared during the night, but the temperature had dropped below freezing. The mountains, however, are all neatly decorated with a fresh blanket of snow.

After breakfast Lewis did me a good turn by relieving me of going after the horses. None of them were put into service though, as all but I had decided to go over the rugged mountains facing our camp upon a trip of exploration.

I was too tired to move away from

Granger Rods

FOR FLY AND BAIT FISHING



Granger's "Colorado Special" Bait Rod Retails for $10

You Can Now Buy a GRANGER for as Low as $10

Now, Mr. Angler, you no longer need feel that you cannot afford to own a rod possessing the finer qualities which have heretofore been limited to the expensive rod class, for in our new GRANGER "Colorado Special" Fly Rod at $12.50, and "Colorado Special" Bait Rod at $10, you have, to a considerable degree, the liveliness, balance, power per ounce and resiliency of the most expensive rods made.

For us to make popular-priced rods which would further strengthen our reputation for building extra value into GRANGER products, it was necessary to spend much money and effort developing special machines and devising suitable methods to meet the exacting requirements of GRANGER standards; and only by combining all our resources and all the knowledge we have acquired thru years of making the finest of quality rods have such values been made possible.

Extraordinary Rod Values

Unusually fine quality materials, price considered, are used in making these rods. Good cane—made better by GRANGER'S Special Ageing Process—scientifically tapered to our regular standard patterns and glued with a firmness that makes windings unnecessary except to hold the guides in place. The less the number of winds, the faster and better will be the rod's action.

Mountings of nickel silver with hard drawn ferrules—all GRANGER-made. Hardened steel guides and non-line-cutting tip tops that will wear for the average life of a rod. Put up in new style cloth case with form for protecting tips.

Not one important part of our process has been passed up in order to build these new low-priced models, but instead, we have so improved our process that with the enlarged plant facilities in our new factory we are now able to announce lower prices on nearly all grades of GRANGER Rods.

Lower Prices for Granger Rods

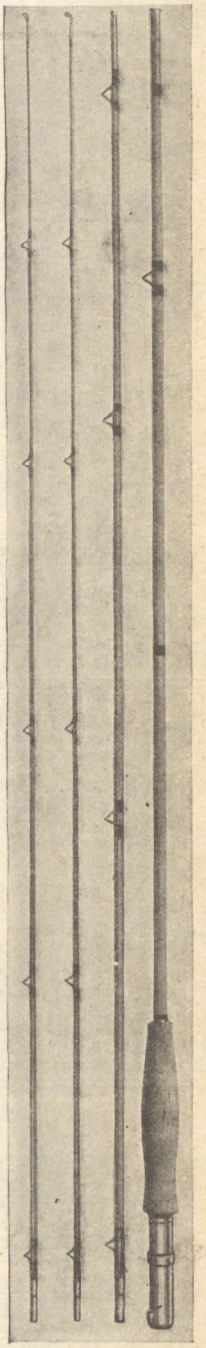
You can now buy a regular "Granger" Fly Rod for $40; "Granger" Bait, $25; "Goodwin" Fly, $25; "Goodwin" Bait, $18; "Denver Special" Fly, $18; "Denver Special" Bait, $14. Tournament Rods remain as formerly priced, ranging from $20 to $50.

Our new 1927 Catalog—the classiest little fishing rod catalog you ever saw—depicting our rods in actual colors of windings and finishes, and showing how and where these rods are made—is yours for the asking.

All genuine GRANGER Rods have the name "Goodwin" or "Granger" on the Reel Seat.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

If your Dealer cannot supply you—we will.



Granger's "Colorado Special" Fly Rod Retails for $12.50

GOODWIN GRANGER COMPANY

Now in Our New and Enlarged Factory

BROADWAY AT VIRGINIA

DENVER, COLORADO

Plan NOW for next summer's Vacation in Northern Wisconsin and the Arrowhead Country of Minnesota

where you can enjoy a real vacation—camping, canoeing, golfing, hiking, or basking in the warm sun and breathing in that delicious pine-scented air—building up a tired mind and body.

Send for illustrated folder giving full resort information and exceptional summer home opportunities. Address

C. A. CAIRNS, *Passenger Traffic Manager*
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago

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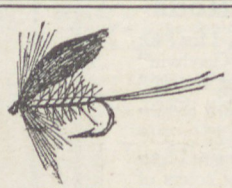
CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

Slim Eli Says:

"You'll want to get a copy of **Hildebrandt's Hints**, because it's chuck full of good fishin' dope. Tells you what kind o' baits and how to use 'em. Shows the hull **Hildebrandt** line of spinners, flies and specialties — fish catching baits for thirty years. You'll enjoy every page fer they's not a dry line in it. Send fer your copy — you'll get it by return mail FREE."

John J. Hildebrandt Company
725 High St. Logansport, Indiana

Flies  Flies

Our Celebrated Wet Trout Flies, on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 45c; Size 10, 50c; Size 8, 55c per dozen. Dry Flies on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 70c; Size 10, 75c; Size 8, 80c per dozen.

Catalogue of Flies, Leaders, Rods, Reels, Lines, etc., Post Free.

Trade Supplied at Wholesale Prices

WHITE BROTHERS
61 Lord St. Liverpool, England

mysterious!
Winner for Agents
New Pocket Lighter! What Makes it Light? Why can't a Blizzard Blow it out? No flint — No Friction — No Troublesome Parts. Why fool with matches NOW? Instant—Infallible—Guaranteed.
Send 50c for Sample and Selling Plans
NEW METHOD MFG. CO.
BOX L-2 BRADFORD, PA.
SELF STARTING LIGHTER

camp and decided to remain close and rest up. The breakfast dishes were left for me to wash, then I got out my note book and went over to where the pup was curled up on a saddle blanket in a sunny spot.

As I sit here propped against a riding saddle writing this, I hear shouts from the mountain across the creek, but a minute search over the face of the bold crags with the field glasses fails to reveal the least sign of a living thing.

But for a few fleecy clouds racing across the sky the sun is out bright, though its rays are quite void of any comforting warmth, yet there is a cheer in its brightness that is vitalizing. Inactive as I am my heavy leather coat seems none too warm. I cannot understand how the flowers and grass thrive in such profusion.

It is twelve thirty; once more I closely scan the mountain for a glimpse of the climbers but again fail to sight them, they must be well toward the top and if sighted would be but tiny specks, discernible only with very powerful glasses.

Having shared a light lunch with the pup I heated water and shaved. It is wonderful to shave with this snow water, the soap lathers so freely and the water is so soft to the skin.

Later I wrote a brief note, cut a sprig of balsam, sealed both in a friction top coffee tin and sent it adrift in the tumbling stream. In a fleeting moment it was out of sight, glinting in the sunlight as it swung around a bend.

The tin may go a long way or may hang up soon in the brush and down timber of the forests below here; however, I may hear from this act some time.

Four o'clock, still no sign of the others. I hope they return before the sun drops behind the peaks as I want to make a camp picture. I think we shall be leaving here in the morning; there seems to be nothing more we can do at this time.

Again I consult my watch; it is fifteen minutes past six. I have just hobbled Riley. Twice he has led the other horses down the creek over the back trail; I feared he would lead them away. I also caught Dan after some trouble and tied him for the night with a lariat.

Now—there came a shout from the crags opposite, the others are returning, guess they have put in a hard day of it.

Tired, wet, cold and hungry the four returned to camp. They had to ford the icy torrent and Carlton was swept from his feet and carried downstream by the rush of water. He appears about half frozen.

I had ignited a huge pile of logs and they have all their wet clothing hanging about the fire.

Their trip had led them far upon the mountains where they located many large lakes. One named Klondike Lake had many icebergs floating about in it and the upper end covered with ice. They had encountered much glacial ice and had several thrilling experiences.

As we turn in for the night Lewis requests the first one up in the morning shall arouse the camp.

August Twenty-six.

I awakened at five o'clock and started the fire, brewing a pot of coffee, then shouted to the others and rode Dan out after the horses.

It was very fortunate I had hobbled Riley; even hobbled he had made his way down beyond the limits of the park. I saddled all of the horses while Lewis, assisted by the others, gathered everything together and packed the stuff into the panniers.

The weather was very gray and dull as we left, heavy clouds were hanging about Gannett Peak and its neighbors.

As we looked back upon the ice field from our last vantage point down the creek, we noted that a big storm was brewing over the field. We were all quite satisfied to be on our way out.

Intermittent showers of cold rain caught us along the trail all the way to the Williamson Corrals where we arrived about five o'clock.

By pressing the horses the following day we arrived at the Two N Ranch at one thirty, delighted over the prospects of a few days' well-earned rest.

Greater and more sublime is Gannett Peak and its close neighbors (all of which are nearly as high and unnamed), than any other range of mountains in the United States, even the world famed Tetons of this state. And as for the grandeur of the national parks, magnificent as they are, they fade to almost total obscurity as being impressively inspiring; they are too soon forgotten.

Once one visits Gannett Peak and the contiguous mountain mass, fought the elements and hazards of scaling the glaciers, looked down upon the vast ruggedness of the world extending far out into the infinite, other scenic marvels of the world seem tame.

One feels that he has triumphed over all that is worth conquering, and seems sedately satisfied in smiling at the simple delusions of those who have "done" this or that national park in an automobile tour of sightseeing, seemingly to them a great achievement.

Has YOUR Chapter filled out the Pollution Questionnaire?

A Day with the Warden

(Continued from page 21)

seem to be ignorant of the fact that even light forest fires damage the soil.

"You are in the best potato country in the world. You have plenty of moisture now. You are surrounded by second growth hardwood which conserves the moisture when most needed. Did you ever notice how cool and moist the air is when you are driving through a wooded area? That moisture means much to your crops, particularly in dry weather. Let two or three bad fires destroy this second growth about your farm and you will notice the difference.

"I know what I'm talking about for I've seen it. If you doubt my word let me take you down into another part of this county where the timber has been skinned off and the second growth burned. Then you will realize what you will some time have to contend with should you disregard fires. And do you know that now when a prospective land buyer from outside comes in here looking for land for a farm he first of all comes to see me to find out where fires have burned; and it may interest you and certain others here to know that the really intelligent land buyers do not want land that has been touched by forest fire. They know that fire destroys certain elements in the soil that only intensive care and rotation will again bring back. Ask your county agent. He'll tell you that what I say is true."

"Well," said the farmer, "I'm no fool. I'm willing to learn these things. No one ever explained this to us before and we did not like to be told what we should do. I like to hunt and fish and camp out but a farmer has little time for that sort of thing and it always seemed to me that these fire laws were made for sportsmen and lumbermen."

"If you like to hunt," said the Warden, "you will be interested in knowing that had this fire got away from you it would have destroyed hundreds of game birds and animals. A wind to the east from there would have swept it into the Twin Lake district and the Turtle Lake Club in Montmorency county, and perhaps even farther before it could be controlled. A wind to the west would push it into the Club Lake country and all that splendid hardwood surrounding the lakes on the east side would have been destroyed, removing one of the best deer covers in the state. From there it could sweep south into the Lake Guthrie Forest and the Otsego State Forest and on down the valley, destroying the deer cover on the jack pine plains east of Grayling. There is no telling the vast damage a really big fire can do once it gets away and conditions are just right. I know the law seems arbitrary, but I'm sure you will agree with me when you understand better what we are trying to do."

"I do agree with you on the game saving and I'm beginning to understand your moisture conservation angle. At

"Landed Ten Bass Out of Twelve Within a Few Hours"

This young lady had all the thrills of a lifetime crowded tightly into a single afternoon's sport. She gives most of the credit to the True Temper Fishing Rod—because its easy bend and gentle pull are more than the gamest fish can stand.

Study the "four reasons why" given above and examine a True Temper Rod at your dealer's store with those reasons in mind. Then you will agree there is good cause for this rod's ever-growing popularity.

Be sure the words "True Temper" are stamped on the steel of your rod.

4

Four reasons why the TRUE TEMPER FISHING ROD *has no equal!*

1. No joints or stiff spots mar its uniform flexibility or spoil its superb casting action—there are no ferrules to slip or turn. There is only one connection to make and your guides are always lined up true.
2. A hand ground taper and a perfect temper made possible by electrical heat treating, give this one-piece, solid steel rod a strong backbone that holds a taut line on the liveliest catch. It permits you to use the lightest of lines and saves many a strike that would otherwise be thrown.
3. You will cast with one-third the effort taken by *any other rod* and in a long days fishing this spells SPORT instead of work.
4. It needs no loving care on the trip. Let the muskie wrap it around the boat, let him jump or sulk—your True Temper Rod needs no consideration. And afterward it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil.

The American Fork & Hoe Company

Sporting Goods Division

General Offices: Cleveland, Ohio — *Factory:* Geneva, Ohio

ONE-THIRD THE EFFORT; ONE-HALF THE CARE; TWICE THE FUN

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

HEINEMAN BASS FLIES

YOUR MONEY BACK IF THEY DON'T CATCH FISH

These Fly-Rod Lures Float. They arouse BIG FISH to a frenzy and smashing strikes result

Six Models {GRAY BODY / GRAY BODY — WHITE TAIL / YELLOW BODY — YELLOW TAIL} Small Boy or Shaggy Boy

Prices Postpaid: 75c each or three flies for $2.00 or one fly and a four foot leader $1.00

IF YOUR DEALER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU, ORDER DIRECT FROM

C. E. HEINEMAN & COMPANY - TACOMA, WASH.

Anglers *Quality Tackle*

FLY TYING, ROD and LURE MAKING Materials and Supplies

Tools, Instruction Books, etc.

Spend some pleasant and profitable time this winter making and repairing your own tackle and it sure will add to the fun next time you go fishing to play them on your own make. Flies Tied To Order. Catalog free.

J. F. WILLMARTH 90 Clinton Ave., Roosevelt, N. Y.

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1927 CALENDAR

"tells when the fish bite"

USED BY THOUSANDS

PRICE 25¢ 5 FOR $1.00

O.F. CALENDAR

BOX 505 HIGH STA.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Southland Scrappers

ORGANIZE for yourself and gang a winter session with the whopping monsters of the Gulf, the giant big-mouth bass of Florida's lakes or the sporty sea-going devils of the Pacific. Heddon specializes in correct lures for these localized conditions. Write us if your home dealer does not have these new ones.

NEW:
Zig-Wag
Luny Frog
Silver King

Heddon Salt Water Rods of *Tempered* Bamboo

The last word. The only salt water rods made of genuine brown-tone Tempered Bamboo. Light and heavy weights. Strict conformity to various Club Regulations. $30., $35., $40. Write for specifications and state your special preferences.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

Jas. Heddon's Sons, *Dowagiac, Mich.*

More prize bass in 16 years of Field & Stream's contests than on all other artificial minnows combined.

FISHERMEN:
This rod has a perfect casting action

Richardson Steel Rods have the balance — the "feel" — the **Perfect Casting Action.** Made to give fishermen a service that no other rod of three times the price can equal. Every Richardson Rod goes through 26 separate inspections before its final test. Then a "make-or-break" test to insure its absolute perfection. That's why Richardson pays 22% premium for a special spring steel of extraordinary tensile strength and flexibility.
A Richardson Steel Rod for every purpose—priced to meet every purse. Detailed descriptions in 24-page illustrated catalog. Send for a free copy NOW.

Richardson Rod & Reel Co.
544 Lake Shore Drive Chicago

KEELING'S
TOM THUMB
THE WIGGLER FOR BASS AND PIKE

— MADE IN 12 COLORS —
THE BAIT THAT BEAT FROGS 2 TO 1 - PORK RIND 3 TO 1
— TRY IT WHEN OTHER LURES FAIL —
PRICE 75¢ AT DEALERS OR DIRECT
FRED C. KEELING - ROCKFORD, ILL

Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.
Oriental Wiggler - - $1.00
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Little Egypt Wiggler - - - 75¢
Shimmyette Fly Rod Wiggler 50¢
Bass, Musky or Fly Rod
Pork Rind Strips 45¢ Jar.
Mfg. By
Al. Foss 9508 Quincy Ave., Cleveland

THE DRONE
With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

any rate I'm mighty glad you came by and I want you boys to come and have a good cold drink of water before you go on. And I'll remember about that permit too next time. My neighbor wants one, as I heard him say he intended to do a little burning and we don't want to confuse your towermen."

"It is just such incidents as this that lend variety to an otherwise monotonous job," remarked the Warden as we made our way north toward the Pigeon River country.

"I had a little experience with a road gang here last year that shows the attitude of a certain class. The towerman on the Chub Lake tower reported a smoke in this section and I hurried here. What was my surprise to find a ground fire burning briskly, the beginning point clearly discernible where the road builders were then working. I asked who started the fire but no one could tell me. There was little interest displayed in the entire matter and as the fire was burning into second growth hardwood I immediately deputized the entire crew and we put it out after a stiff fight. Finally I found the man I believed responsible and swore out a warrant for his arrest. When served with the warrant he denied his guilt but before the justice he admitted he set the fire which cost the State a goodly sum of money and impoverished a few more acres of what was excellent hardwood land. When asked why he set the fire he could find no good reason. Just a sort of amusement to while the time away. But cases such as this are infrequent. The local people are becoming educated to the efforts of the State to save their heritage of woods and waters. Certain of the home people here feel that all this care of the forest is for the benefit of the sportsman and the lumberman. For that reason I believe it would be a good plan to have the word 'cover' or 'game cover' substituted for the word 'timber' in certain of our signs and placards. The word 'timber' seems to antagonize otherwise law abiding persons.

"Occasionally during a bad fire I have trouble getting a crew together but the law is strict in that respect and rather than face Van Doran in Gaylord on a charge of refusing to fight the common enemy they all chip in and work for twenty cents an hour. A group of young people came down to Heart Lake last season while I was fighting a bad fire on the south end of the lake. They wanted to see what a real forest fire was like. I gave each of them a shovel and put them under a competent director and they soon learned it was no sinecure. Even the girls were given a sector to defend and when the checks came through from the Conservation Department the enthusiastic fire fighters framed them. But we stopped that fire with the aid of volunteers and I'll venture to say that the experience gained in that brief brush with the enemy will forever make conservationists of those young people. And it's the young people who must be educated, for they are coming on each year."

"Do you have much trouble with the owners of dogs that run deer," I asked.

"Yes, we do. The woodcutters who follow the loggers in the hardwood, cutting chemical wood, come from a section where dogs are bred for their hunting qualities alone and it seems well-nigh impossible to enforce the law with them. We are not allowed to shoot a dog unless we find it on a deer track and there is no game law to prohibit the dogs from running rabbits. There is a law—not a game law—permitting no dogs at large unless they are on leash, but that is supposed to be enforced by the sheriff and is not a Conservation Department matter. I don't think the owners of these dogs running at large fully realize the menace they hold for game, particularly young fawns and does with fawns. Many of these dogs are only half fed and must resort to hunting to exist."

We had turned down the Pigeon River valley and were following the river course northward by an old snake road through the plains. Fire had burned here years ago and it was a rather desolate region grown up to cherry brush and not much deer cover. But the river flats were verdant with every swamp growth known to the north. I found luscious wild strawberries—and this was the first of August—growing in the shade of the bushes. They were exceptionally large, due no doubt to the excess of moisture easily obtained here regardless of drought. I was cautioned to go carefully if I would see beavers working at one of their numerous dams above the Winged Dam, but we were too early in the evening to see them at work.

We did find fresh beaver work and inspected a dam built by the busy little creatures. They had a fine head of water and the pond above the dam was clear and deep, a fine place for a beaver family to winter. Mink tracks were plainly visible in the mud of the shore and the half eaten body of a trout showed that Mr. Mink had not hunted in vain. We returned to the car and proceeded north visiting the river from point to point in search of violators.

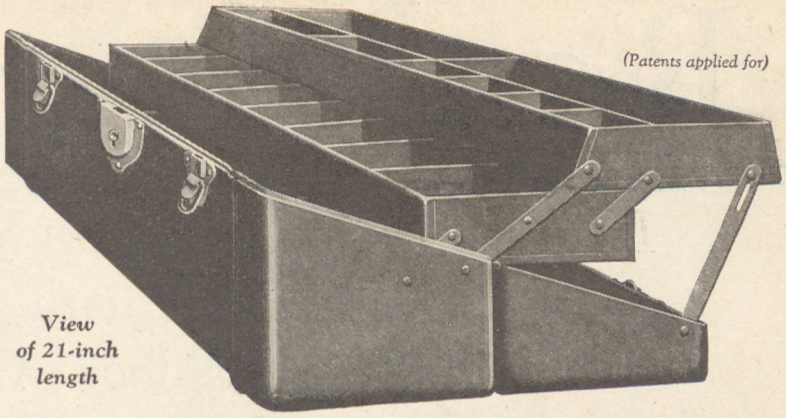
Late in the evening we made our way to Vanderbilt by way of the White House camps and the Sturgeon River valley. We touched the Sturgeon only at one point on the road directly east of Vanderbilt. Here an icy spring bubbled by the roadside. The Sturgeon is a beautiful stream, well stocked with rainbow and brook trout, flowing through a wild and picturesque country little known to any save those who fish and hunt the wilder sections. As we sped south on M-14 the Warden told me thrilling incidents of his winter experiences. Told of his long tramps in the region just traversed. Of how once he made a trip of 35 miles on snowshoes in search of beaver trappers operating on the Black River. Of how when he returned from this strenuous trip he slept the clock around, the sleep of utter exhaustion. Some men seem to be born violators and others only stray from the narrow once. But due to his diligence there is no more beaver trapping on the Sturgeon, Pigeon or the Black. M-14

is kept open most of the winter but there are times when it is necessary to penetrate far into the back country and then only snowshoes answer the purpose. And it's no snap to carry a confiscated gun, several traps, your own gun and other paraphernalia in the deep snow of midwinter with the temperature below zero and a cold wind sweeping across the barren open. But of such is the Warden's life made up and the State of Michigan is fortunate in having men who know how to choose wisely and well those who come into direct contact with game and violators. Men who know their business; not too eager to make convictions or hang up "records" of achievements in the matter of petty cases, but efficient to the extent that the old dyed-in-the-wool violator will fear to carry on his illicit trade. It is to such men we must look for the suppression of forest fires that Michigan may continue green, a haven of refuge for heat suffering vacationers and sports lovers.

Stream Lore

(Continued from page 13)

well cocked). The current was well back under the alders and was cutting into the bank. About thirty feet up stream one alder bush overhung until its branches were not over two feet above the surface and that trout was supposed to be a foot or two below down stream, along the bank. How to float a fly in there was a problem. The Angler mused. "Well, it must be a horizontal curved line dry fly cast to get above that alder bush and back far enough to float a foot or two from the bank, so here goes." The Angler with his left hand moved his rod horizontally instead of overhead. (It is the same motion "out" instead of "up.") Then when his fly was turning some ten feet beyond that alder bush up stream, he made his final back cast, then the forward horizontal cast, the line playing out some four feet above the surface. As his rod came forward with quite a snap, he stopped the rod tip about 30 degrees forward of his body, then put a "Back push" with his forefinger on the forward side of the rod. What was the result? The line straightened about six feet outside the alder bush and the leader with two or three feet of the end of the line snapped inshore behind it, but the snap was too hard and the fly sank, floated down untouched, was lifted and the cast made again. Another sunken fly and no results. Then taking little more care, a curved line cast just right; rod tip descending as the line fell, and, that fly cocked, came jauntily down stream under the overhanging bush to the expected spot and the expected happened, a "Magic Circle," a nib, a run or two, a splendid leap, then some "hammering," a descending net and a 16-inch brown trout among the ferns in the creel.

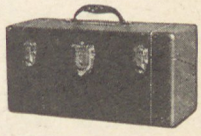


(Patents applied for)

View of 21-inch length

New Models of Now Famous Cantilever Tackle Box

Announced by Originators



Outing Mfg. Co. Offer Popular Price Models

"Prize Angler" Series—$5.00—$6.00—$7.00

Now—another chapter in tackle box history—the "Prize Angler" Series—a less expensive model than last year's model (known as the "Master Angler" Series). For rougher work and knocking about. Same design, absolutely; same features; same advantages; but at popular prices.

Never before had such a complete, handy, sturdily made and yet beautiful tackle box been built for fishermen as Outing's Cantilever Tackle Box, which was introduced last year.

Fishermen all over have said there is no equal to Outing's Cantilever Tackle Box for all around utility, operation, construction and beauty. This type of construction is so practical, there are bound to be imitations. Your protection will be the name "Outing," stamped on the lock.

Features

Appearance: *rounded edges and corners* producing pleasing lines. Beautifully finished in rich brown-green enamel.

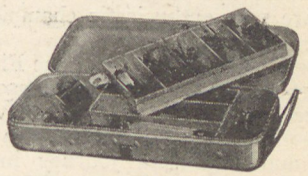
Construction: rounded edges and corners, eliminating seams that open up and leak.

Accessibility: *every* compartment in the *entire* box *immediately* accessible. Lift lid and trays swing back (see illustration). Easily operated with one hand.

Sizes: 12, 16, 21 in. long—6½ in. wide, 7 in. high.

Prices: "Prize Angler" Series—$5.00, $6.00, $7.00. "Master Angler" Series—$7.00, $8.00, $10.00.

Prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain territory and Canada



"Pocket Angler" in Steel

In addition to aluminum, this handy box, you can slip in a big pocket or swing from your belt, is now being made in special alloy steel. Holds all you need for a day's fishing. Swinging tray. Ten compartments. Enameled brown-green. Price $2.00 (in aluminum, $3.25).

Ask your dealer to show you the Outing line. Our literature on request.

Outing Mfg. Co. 558 Jackson Blvd. Elkhart, Ind.

Hard-Boiled Tackle Too

ALWAYS most emphatically hard-boiled—the Big Fellow bossing the trout pool. If he happens to hang out in wider waters and sport that belligerent dorsal of the black bass or ugly mug of the musky—so much more risk to your tackle.

Go after your fish to get him. Outfit with Abbey & Imbrie "Fishing Tackle That's Fit for Fishing." You'll have the lures to fool the Big Leaguers and the rod, reel and line to battle the worst bad fish among 'em to the last vain flop. Ask your dealer; or if he cannot supply you, send us his name and your order and we will forward direct to you. *Write for Complete 1927 Catalog.*

Abbey & Imbrie
FISHING TACKLE

97 Chambers St. Dept. A2 NEW YORK

Real Camping

If there is any question you want to ask in connection with Camping, write to Outdoor America

Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

Where the huskies howl.

I AM a confirmed advocate of winter camping. I believe that most lovers of the out-of-doors life can derive as much enjoyment from winter excursions to the forest as they do from canoe cruises in summer.

Conditions are different, of course, but humans are extremely adaptable. It has been my experience that those who have once made a winter vacation trip through a portion of our northern wilderness are eager to do it again, and are now enthusiastic champions of winter camping.

Three or four years ago, the Fish and Game Commissioner of Minnesota organized a party of sportsmen, writers and politicians and led them on a snowshoe and dog team journey into the Superior National Forest. The ostensible object of the expedition was to acquaint representative members of the various conservation bodies with the problems that confronted the Department in its efforts to curb the activities of outlaw trappers and other poachers.

Differing radically from ordinary political junketers these men didn't consider their comfort and entertainment matters of prime importance. They actually walked; sometimes to the limit of the older ones' endurance. Tents were pitched every night and taken down every morning. When trail conditions permitted, all baggage was hauled by the dogs, but there were many occasions when every member of the party had to carry his own bedding and personal effects.

In spite of the unaccustomed labor, total absence of luxury, and some severe weather, the trip was voted a big success and, before disbanding, plans were made to repeat it the following winter.

Since then the Commissioner's annual snowshoeing party has become something of an institution. Its muster roll includes some of Minnesota's most prominent men, and I think it no exaggeration to state that the majority of them consider this winter camping trip the banner holiday event of their year. My reason for telling about it here is simply to prove to doubting Thomas that winter camping in the north woods is really an enjoyable adventure, even to those who, at home, lead sedentary lives.

Actually there is little to fear. If any real hardship, privation or danger is encountered, it is more likely to be due to gross mismanagement, or inexcusable carelessness, than to inherent conditions of place and season. During a mid-winter trip in the Superior National Forest the well clad camper will suffer less from cold, than does the average suburbanite who waits on a windy corner for his morning streetcar.

By well clad, I do not mean that one must be grotesquely bundled in heavy garments; quite the reverse. Clothing suitable for sub-arctic forest travel is lighter, and not so cumbersome, as the winter outfits generally worn by business men in New York, Chicago and St. Paul. But the *style* is different.

Northern woodsmen pay special attention to the protection of feet, hands, face and ears; the very parts that city dwellers expose most to frost. Just why it should be considered good form to wear thin sox, low shoes, thin gloves and nothing over the ears—even in zero weather—I don't know. Fashion is a whimsical tyrant.

In OUTDOOR AMERICA, for last January, February and March I gave detailed information about the clothing, equipment and methods of transportation used in the north; so there is no need for repeating it here. The December number also, contained many suggestions that should be helpful to novices at winter camping. Judging from present indications, the conditions described by Mr. Nolte in that issue, will be repeated this winter. I am informed that there is as much snow there now—December fifteenth—as there usually is in February. Those who contemplate making an initial trip to that region this winter, should read in the January, 1927 number, my comments on Mr. Nolte's tactics.

By establishing simple shelters, ten or twelve miles apart, and connecting them by a network of trails radiating from the headquarters camp, resort keepers of the Lake States could do much toward popularizing winter outings.

Shelters could be rude, open front sheds, warmed and lighted by campfire, or they could be closed cabins, heated by stoves. Tents even, could be used, pending the selection of permanent sites and assurance of paying business. Whatever the type of habitation, its main purpose would be to save hikers the labor and bother of carrying supplies and equipment, shovelling snow, pitching tents, cutting firewood and gathering boughs.

Not everyone who loves the woods and the out-of-doors life is sufficiently skilled in woodcraft to undertake an unchaperoned journey into a trackless wilderness. Some, having the desire for an occasional camping trip, lack the requisite outfit and are deterred, by the expense involved, from acquiring one. Others, with the necessary knowledge, and money enough to finance an independent trip, might hesitate to subject an untested companion to the trying experiences inseparable from unbroken winter trails.

Among the most likely prospects for a business of this kind are the Boy, and the Girl Scouts. In a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants there may be eighty, or more, troops. I can think of no better way to teach the youngsters true Scouting than to pilot them to the woods where they can actually see the things they have to know about before they can win their Merit Badges. Hikes could be arranged to fit the time at their disposal and routes planned so that no part of the trail would be traveled a second time. Almost everything connected with practical woodcraft could be demonstrated on a trip of this nature. In some localities, the trails could serve as model trap lines. Aside from their economic and educational value these lines would lend the interest of anticipation to every mile and preclude possible monotony.

It seems to me that an enterprise of this kind could be made financially profitable. It surely would be a real benefit to any community and its influence would soon extend beyond local boundaries. If presented by the right person, to the right people, it might receive substantial assistance and cooperation. In return for the protection afforded by the constant presence of interested conservationists, owners of standing timber might lease suitable cabin sites, on a dollar a year basis, and add fuel privileges. Township boards, also, might appropriate something in the way of wages to a patrolman, who would, of course, extinguish all incipient fires and report immediately any that were beyond his power to control.

It requires but little imagination to visualize the natural evolution of the project. First: holiday hikers in couples, or small groups; then troops of Scouts followed by Nature Study classes. These would be in charge of instructors, who would soon develop into Professors of Natural Science and in a few years the headquarters camp would have all the earmarks of a reg, no not a *regular* college but good one nevertheless.

At this point in the original manuscript, I abruptly changed the subject and proceeded to answer some of the questions asked by my correspondents. A friend, in whose judgment I have confidence, advised me to "kill" the "Answers" and add something definite to the hiking-camp idea! The answers, he said, would interest a few young novices, no doubt, but the prospectus of this

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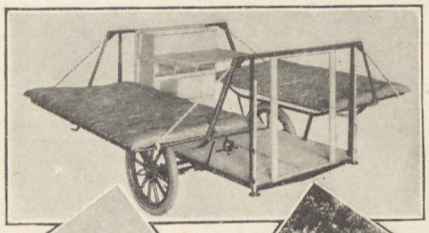

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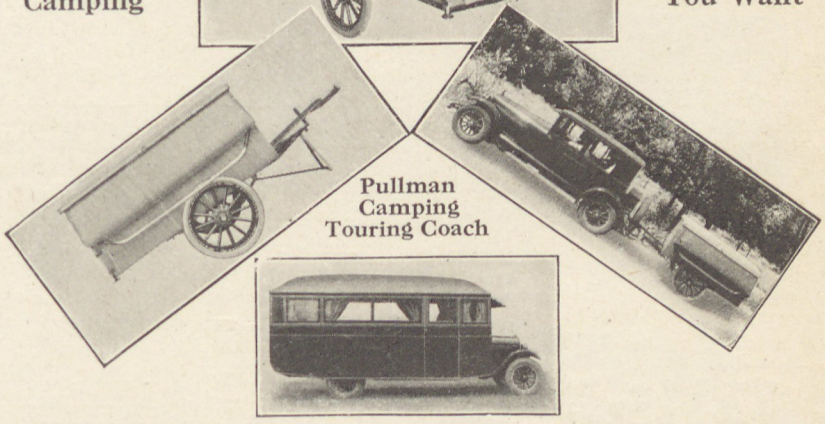

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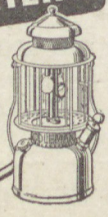

imaginary, outdoor university would appeal, favorably or otherwise, to every reader of this department. Perhaps he is right. We will see.

I have in mind a commodious lodge, attractively situated at the wildnerness edge and easily accessible by rail and motor. In the Lake States there are many such, but nearly all are idle during the winter.

Why?

Because middle class Americans have not yet abandoned the fallacy that snow and cold weather imply physical hardship and thwart enjoyment of life in the open air. They are slowly awakening to the possibilities of such winter sports as skating, curling, skiing and tobogganing, but comparatively few have come to realize that winter CAMPING can be good fun as well as an excellent tonic.

What the old folks think about this doesn't interest me very much, but I am willing to take some trouble in order to teach the young. If I can help our boys and girls to understand that the wilderness is kind to those who love it, and that Nature is a fascinating study of vital importance, I will not begrudge the effort.

As stated before, shelter camps might be ten or twelve miles apart, with lunch grounds situated about midway between. Camps should be stocked with provisions, cooking utensils, bedding and fuel, but everything should conform closely to the traditional simplicity of camp life in the forest.

Great care would be necessary in selecting guides. Essential qualifications for this job should include, physical fitness, character, personality, knowledge of woodcraft and skill with axe, compass and camera. Students of Natural Science, working their way through college, might be the best available material.

Guiding, as a profession, merits the serious consideration of impecunious young men, or women, who have a flair for Natural Science and life in the open. Medical students must graduate before they can earn money at their profession, but anyone possessing even elementary knowledge of Woodcraft, Botany, Forestry, Astronomy and Natural History can find employment as guide to outing parties. They can earn while they learn, and lead a very satisfactory sort of life while doing it.

Ernest Thompson Seton, in a recent address to the students of the New York College of Forestry, Syracuse University, made a statement that has a bearing on this question. The most important task, he said, that confronts the American people today is the character building of its young men and women. The four principal agencies now at work on this problem are, the church, the home, the school and the PLAYGROUND.

The church, he said, has lost most of its former authority over our temporal affairs. The home, also, is losing much of its influence. There remains but the school and the playground. Our schools have improved greatly during the fifty years last past and to this fact is due their increasing influence over our sons and daughters. But the greatest factor of all in the upbuilding of our future citizens is RECREATION. The youngsters may, or may not, care what their teachers think, but they do care a lot what their own companions think.

Now, what sort of recreation do you think best for the development of strong, self-reliant, public-spirited citizenship? Is it not Outdoor Recreation? Camping, Woodcraft, Fishing, Hunting, Nature Study, Photography and the many other interesting activities that are carried on in the open, are well known to be powerful aids to clean living and right thinking.

Think it over.

Belle Meade

(Continued from page 38)

"Thanking her, we locked and bolted the door, and, opening the shutters of the windows slightly, we looked out in the faint, gray light, and there sure enough was a party of horsemen, about a dozen, and some had already dismounted; and the truth had been told, as two of them were adjusting a rope over the limb of a large tree. Soon a noise of wrangling broke out, followed by curses, and then the voice of a leader calling: 'Steady, boys! We'll soon get those damn Yankee spies and hang them!' Then came a loud knocking at the front door, and a demand that the door be opened instantly and the Yankees be delivered up.

"We were just about to open fire from the window, having secured our carbines and revolvers, when to our consternation we could see that the door had been opened, and there right out in front of the entrance stood brave Mrs. Harding, with a drawn pistol in her hands, covering the leader, and telling them all to begone! The leader could face men, but the sight of that lone woman, braving the entire band, appealed to his chivalry; and although the whole band had come prepared for any deviltry—all being more or less drunk—the leader drew back, took off his hat, and bowed to Mrs. Harding. Then turning to his men, he called: 'Mount, and get away, boys! We don't want to disturb no lady as game as that!'

"A quick mounting of the ruffians, another word from the leader, and the whole band was off at break-neck speed, cursing and yelling as they ran. Thus did the daring and quick wit of one woman prevent a tragedy. We hastily donned suitable garments, and rushed down-stairs to thank our fearless host-

ess, who was surrounded by a group of admiring servants. Like all persons of true greatness, Mrs. Harding, after receiving our earnest thanks, modestly waved aside our praise by saying: 'But what else could I have done? General Harding being away, our fighting force was not strong enough for that number even if we shot from the window. I was therefore certain that if I went to the door, pistol in hand, they would at least pause; and then, seeing one lone woman, they would be ashamed to do violence, for even the roughest men of our country have some good in them; and you see, I was right.'

"Thus was this heroic act made light of by our hostess; and the circumstances showed me right there from what source the Confederate soldier drew a double inspiration for his valor, backed as he was by the brave and self-sacrificing women of the South.

"About this time there came to visit our young ladies two typical and lively daughters of the South. They were both handsome, but with the never failing desire of youth to single out one man upon whom to make an impression, I must here relate that the one known as Miss Ida had for me an especial charm.

"Our hostess presented me soon after arrival, giving me in her kindly way too great praise in carrying out faithfully my duties as safeguard. She also referred to my more active service on the field of battle at Stone River, as related to her by some overzealous friend. I blushed furiously at this introductory recital of my good qualities to Miss Ida, and when the introduction was completed, the latter looked at me rather unimpressed, I thought, and said: 'Why, Auntie dear, he does not look so very dangerous! But then of course no Yankees are!' And thus the cat was out of the bag, for I knew my charmer had no use for the boys in blue.

"At dinner I was placed near Miss Ida, and matters were going fairly smoothly with us, when the inevitable topic of the war came up; and the little rebel spoke up her mind quite plainly. After a rather disparaging remark on the bravery of the men of the North, my desire to tease got the best of me, and I playfully remarked: 'There will come a time soon, Miss Ida, when you will marry a Yankee soldier!'

"This was too much for her proud spirit, and stamping her foot angrily, she fairly hissed the words at me: 'I would rather marry a dog than a Yankee!'

"This biting retort was so sudden that I was for a minute almost nonplussed, while hot words were about to break forth from my lips; but seeing that a dignified front would be more effective to this high-spirited little rebel, I rose from the table, made my bow to the other guests, and quickly withdrew.

"I was immediately followed by the dear old general, who said: 'My dear fellow, you cannot appreciate my humiliation that anyone at my board should offer such an insult to my guest; and yet

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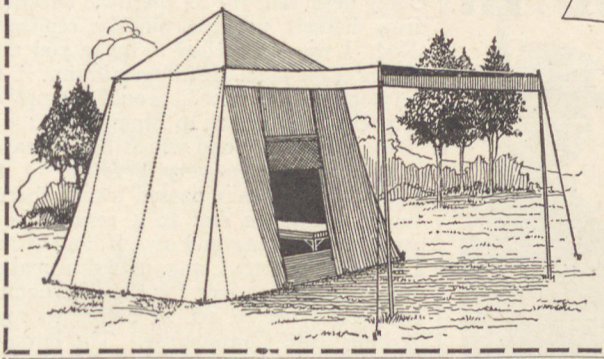

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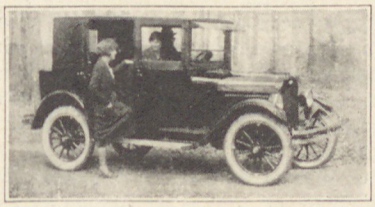

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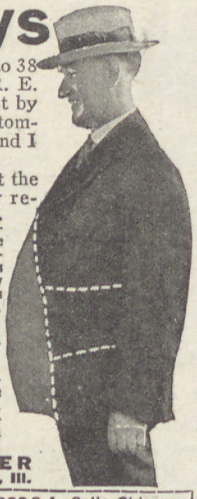

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I understand perfectly there was no other course for you but to refuse to sit at the same table with a girl who so insulted you, and all who fight on the side of the North! I will see that proper atonement is made for this breach of hospitality.'

"I withdrew with my cigar to a sheltered spot on the veranda, began to read that wonderful story, 'The Three Guardsmen' and becoming absorbed in that stirring picture of Dumas, all my ill-nature soon disappeared. I do not know how long I had been thus engrossed, when I heard a hesitating and light feminine step slowly moving toward my secluded corner. I paid little attention until the slight swish of skirts and a faint perfume made me conscious of the immediate presence of something feminine behind my chair. With a kind of mental telepathy I at once surmised it might be my little southern spitfire; and I at once spurred myself into a properly indignant and unrelenting frame of mind. Then came a little deprecating cough, but my eyes remained fixed on my book, yet in the subtle presence of the charmer I already began to find myself instinctively yielding. Another little clearing of the throat, and her light hand just touched the back of my chair, and then the brave words broke on the still air. 'My dear Mr. Jack! Please accept my apology for those horrid words at the table, I do not know what made me do it; and I am very, very sorry for saying what I did!'

"Yet as I looked into her spirited little face, whose meekness I regret to say faded quickly away, I said: 'Miss Ida, tell me truly, was that pretty apology of yours all spontaneous and sincere?'

"And I got at once what my query richly deserved, for as the little heroine drew herself up, she quickly replied: 'No! I was compelled to make you an apology, for Gen. Harding said that if I did not do so at once, I would promptly be packed right back to Mamma!'

"As the dark cloud which had threatened a friendship very precious to a youth of my years passed away, there quickly came an end to a reserve between my charmer and myself, and after a jolly tete-a-tete, I was invited to make one of a riding party for the afternoon, and better yet to act as escort to my dashing little Confederate. The horses were soon brought around, and with the presence of two visiting gallants we made a gay party of four couples. The day was divine, and as we dashed along through the beautiful woods and clearings, lighted up in the glorious spring sunshine, I forgot for the time being that such a thing as war existed, for all nature breathed the very inspiration of peace.

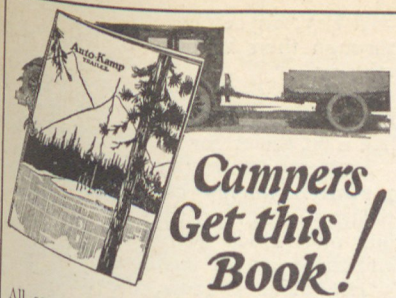
"Groups of beautiful horses grazed in rich meadows, and as we dashed by with a clatter, they kicked up their heels and in pure sympathetic delight galloped along, while their shrill neighs echoed through the woodlands.

"My tamed little rebel and I were quite a way in the lead, and I must here remark there is a fatality in which young couples happen to go at such varying speed as to invariably get astray from the 'Columns of fours.' As we two emerged from the woods our horses instinctively broke into a run, and it was neck and neck for the spirited animals. As we sped along, an unexpected accident happened. A rabbit, scared by the clatter of hoofs, dashed from the underbrush right across our way, and my companion's horse suddenly swerved, and as often happens, the faithless saddle girth gave way, throwing the fair rider in the air. I stopped so suddenly as almost to throw my horse back on his haunches, and springing from the saddle and tying the reins to a convenient sapling, rushed to the still form which lay on the sloping bank of the roadside.

"But my anxiety was banished instantly as the gallant little rider, before I could reach her, suddenly lifted her head, shook herself to find no bones broken, and slowly rose to her feet, breathless and slightly jarred by the fall, but otherwise uninjured, for the ground was soft and yielding and covered with a rank growth of grass. The riderless horse, coming back to his companion, was soon caught and resaddled. The old girth was replaced by my trusty surcingle, which with a soldier's forethought I had fortunately brought along.

"The weeks rolled by thus delightfully, and under the blue skies and bracing air my health was soon absolutely restored. It was, therefore, with rejoicing that I one morning opened an official letter recalling me to the side of my active comrades of the 'Fighting Fifteenth,' and next day early in the morning there came the sound of galloping horses and the new relief 'Safeguard' was on hand to take up my duties. Hastily breakfasting and packing my effects, my soldier companion and I were soon bidding our dear hosts adieu, and it was like parting from kind relatives. In spite of the presence of a family group encircled by a fringe of happy darkies while I said good-by to my handsome little Confederate, my hand lingered slightly in hers; but there was no answering pressure, and no sentiment lurked in the dear little eyes, raised in farewell glance to mine. Instead, a mischievous smile danced in them, and she merrily broke into a laugh as she said: 'Good-by, Mr. Jack, and God speed you. If our Johnnies capture you, as they surely will, just drop me a line and I will see what can be done about it!'

"After the war, on a railroad train, I happened to look up, and saw, passing through the aisle, a tall and handsome gentleman with a distinctively military bearing. Our eyes chanced to meet, and we instantly recognized one another as soldiers of 'The Blue.' My comrade was no other than the gallant Col. T., an officer of distinction with whom I had seen considerable service. As the spirit of comradeship among soldiers is strong, you may well imagine our mutual pleasure. After hearty greetings, I pressed my old companion to sit down with me in the smoker; but he seemed wonderfully pre-occupied; and, as a



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happy smile spread over his face, he broke in hastily saying:

"'No time now, Jack; I must surprise you by telling you that I have just been married, and am now on my wedding trip.

"'Come right along with me, for I wish to have you meet the handsomest and best little woman in the entire South, and I am sure you will agree with me.'

"As I reached the little gathering of friends traveling together, I made out a stylish little figure, and Col. T. at once presented me to his adorable bride; and as I bowed and expressed my pleasure, our eyes met, and we were mutually dumbfounded. For it was no other than our gallant little visitor, who had made such ravages in my heart at Belle Meade!

"My reminder of what I had foretold years before was taken in good part by the winsome bride. She placed her finger to her lips in token of silence, and quickly said: 'Now, Mr. Jack, don't be horrid! Never mention a word of that to the Colonel; for I would die with mortification if he knew I ever made such a dreadful speech about Yankee soldiers! You must realize that the war is really over, for we now are all under one flag. Do not again forget that we are, we—a united people now!'

"Looking down at her happy, beautiful face, I pointed to her little circlet of a wedding ring, and said, 'Yes, a very much united people—so it seems to me! May this particular and happy union of the North and South survive as long as love shall quicken the pulse of brave manhood and true, beautiful womanhood!'"

(To be continued)

The Business of Living

(Continued from page 19)

that the world itself, by comparison, shrunk to small proportions; and yet, beyond the sky, was the immensity of the cosmic unity, beside which all else was as a grain of sand on a seashore.

And here, on a mountain top, as nowhere else, I have found that two and two are always four, never otherwise and that my own smallness was such that I could have stayed on that mountain top, all down through the eons of time to come, and I never would have been missed at all! My presence there, or the lack of it, would have made no difference whatever in the slow moving, resistless cosmic motion which is the universe itself, so harmonious, so exactly tuned, so impossible of chaotic rupture that man collectively, cannot comprehend that he, himself, is but a tiny speck in the cosmic unity of things.

To every living thing its own domain and to it, alone, that domain is the im-

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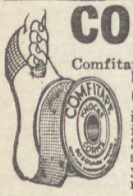

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portant thing because it entirely concerns its own business of living.

Contemplate the ant, brother, and his industry. Every summer day, when the sun shines, you will find the ant at work. He is not a loafer. Always he carries out his own business of living. Yet all of his activities take place within the circumference, of, possibly, a hundred foot circle.

Outside of that domain the ant knows nothing and the universe might as well not be, so far as he is concerned. Within the circle, however, there is much of interest to him, and the center of that interest is his community dwelling, which we call the ant hill.

Down inside, underneath this little mound, there is tremendous activity going on and each individual ant works out his own labors and fulfills his destiny.

Plainly, that ant hill, to the ants, is a very important thing for it is where their interest centers, and that comprises all the things that make up their business of living.

Beyond the capacity of the individual ant to travel out from that ant hill and back again, their knowledge of the universe is blank. Yet, I think, when I sit and contemplate a busy ant hill, that this community of the lesser peoples is one with as many varied interests, and perhaps, in a way, as many varied emotions, as we ourselves understand.

Yet, to me, sitting here, contemplating this busy little people, through my superior ability to travel long distances physically, or mentally, I know that the ants' universe is infinitesimally small compared with mine, and, also compared with mine, his mentality is negligible.

Then when I go and sit alone on the mountain top again and look away to the edge of things, it dawns upon me that, likely, my universe, compared with what is beyond my knowledge, is as small as that universe of the ant which is measured by the few paltry feet required to register the ability of the individual ant to travel out and back which I liken to the diameter of such limits of circumference as may be that bound this world of mine.

Brother, we men are the most egotistical of things. We think we know a lot because we can melt metals, build sky scrapers, use the radio and make magic in all of our various ways.

Yet, if you will get out on a mountain top and just sit still and look as far as you can see, and think as hard as you can, and do it all day long, you will find, that, when the sun goes down, you can sum up all your knowledge only to realize that it will fall as far short of the knowledge that is behind the universe as the knowledge of the ant falls short of mine.

And thereby, brother, will you learn that patience is a virtue and humility an asset, and being humble is a goodly thing.

This, I believe, is the lesson one must learn before the great outdoors will mean to each of us, just what it should.

It seems to me that it is not a place to go to kill, to maim, or to injure in any way, any of the things that move through their business of living along with us.

It seems to me that our place is to help lessen the burdens and to make life a bit easier for all the littler things.

It seems to me that this idea should prevail in all our contacts with living things, including the brotherhood of our own kind, whom we touch, here and there, in our business of living.

The older I grow, the more I see and the wider my acquaintance becomes with things that are, the more tolerant I am of the other man's point of view and the less desire I have to interfere in any way with the business of living of any species whatsoever.

To me, the oak tree is not simply a growth of wood, but it is an individual member of a lesser tribe that lives and thinks and meets its own problems just as we do, and, it seems to me, that behind the things that trees do, there is much that is very like our own business of living.

It seems to me that we are prone to call ourselves great, and to compare all the things we know with ourselves and the things that we do, and we form our judgments and opinions from this comparison, not taking into consideration the fact that the other party may have an entirely different angle of life from ours, and that the things we consider trivial may be very important from this other angle.

To us the wind is but the wind, something to be met and coped with, as may be, but to the oak tree, growing on the river bank, the wind is a menace not to be lightly considered, because it is a threatening force that may maim and destroy, for it can tear out roots, not too deeply bedded, and it can break limbs, not properly fashioned, and thus bring about disaster of sorts, which would mean crippling, and perhaps even death; therefore must the wind be thoroughly understood by the oak tree and met with sturdy anchorage of roots and preconceived limb growth to leeward along stream lines that will ease the pressure when winds come tearing out of nowhere bent on destruction.

And do you know, brother, that the oak tree meets these things precisely the way our best civil engineers meet their like problems of strains and stresses, because the oak tree puts out a safety margin of anchorage roots beyond just those required to hold it in place, and, in addition, it reduces the danger of the wind pressure to come by the character and flexibility of the limbs and leafage.

If you doubt this, go and study the first oak tree you meet and figure how you would meet its problems and see if you can find any place where it hasn't thought of the same thing before you did and met it just as you would.

The theory that instinct governs lower orders and that thought governs man is, I think, born of man's own egotistical estimate of himself, and I believe it would do all of us a might of good to go each year into the woods, and also up on the mountain

top, and into the desert, for a season of contemplation.

If this were done I think that we, as a species, would be less ready to proclaim our deeds and achievements from the house tops, and more inclined to contemplate, and acknowledge, the greatness of the littler things.

And so, brother, whether we like it or not, two and two are four and shall ever be, nor otherwise, and you may plan your plan, you may think your thoughts, you may do what you are able, but never can you, by any combination of circumstances whatsoever, alter, disrupt or change that which is the universal business of living, meaning thereby that all life is its own form of motion, wave upon wave, so on, and so on, and so on, all harmoniously adjusted, all working together, all producing the combination that we see and feel and enjoy and to which we give the name of nature.

After all, this name is just a little sound we make when we try to convey the idea to the other fellow of that immensity which we cannot understand.

And so again brother, I want to say to you that no matter where you live, or how you live, or who you are, you may look with open eyes, in whatsoever direction you may be facing, and you will see, before you, all that which is the driving force, the energy, that something which propels everything forward and makes it carry on and be the great business of living, if you will not just look blindly but learn, instead, to look with seeing eyes.

If you will think deeply enough and try to understand that which is plain to the seeing mind, you cannot but be content with your own business of living.

For myself, I can say that every tree and every blade of grass, the fishes, the flying birds, the moving animals and the most infinitesimal of living things has, for me, a story well worth while, well worth knowing and well worth being, yet each one is but industriously keeping along his own little wave length of motion in harmony with the whole cosmic plan from the day he takes his first breath to the day when that breath ceases.

And after that, it is more likely than not, that he merely changes and goes forward under different forms, all of which continue their business of living on, and on, and on.

Call this, if you will, a story, or a sermon, for stories and sermons are not yet gone from running water and stones and trees.

All you have to do to know this is to open your eyes and to look before you, any time and any place, where you may be. For me, as times goes on, I shall enjoy in every way, this great business of living along with all things of all the world, and I hope that you shall do the same.

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If you don't like them, write me your kicks.

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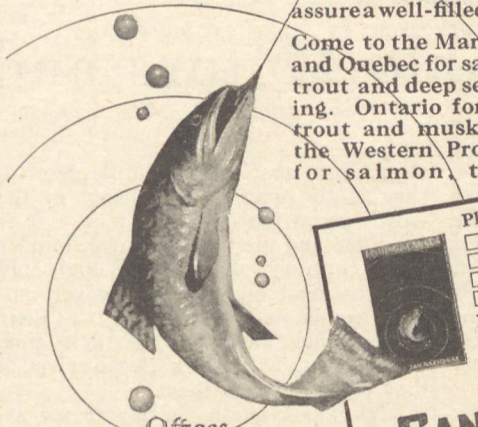

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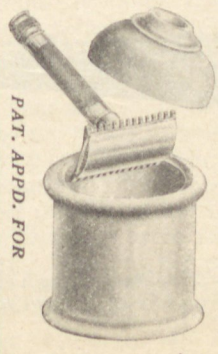

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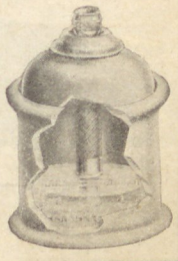
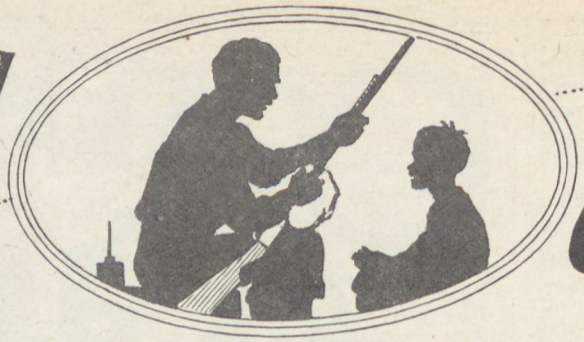


Field Guns



Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

Detachable Motors and Hunting

THE very thought of ethics in connection with most shooting sometimes brings about strange thoughts about the reality and frequently through unfamiliarity with things that have been condemned or against which legislation has been effected a proper slant of understanding may deprive two sportsmen from using aids of incalculable value during their annual outdoor itinerary.

Ethics in thought only and ethics in practice are two different matters though their origin hinges on perhaps the same idea. It is the way we practice or apply ethics which counts in the outdoors instead of praising ourselves and condemning some poor chap for the use of certain tools in which he sees no cardinal sin when they are in his hands while either fishing or hunting.

I am thinking about these very matters chiefly from the various ramifications they encourage and the uncanny faculty some opponents of everything they know nothing about have for voicing their opinions on the subject. I have never swayed for a certain abiding opinion and that is the most correct appraisal of what a conservationist really is can only be obtained from his guides or men who have actually lived outdoors with him or come in contact with him in parts away from civilization while in quest of game and fish. The outdoor man never fails to give you a clear, wise, absolutely accurate description of the man he has taken in the woods or on the fishing waters. He is infallible and the talk of the spellbinder to the contrary. Even you, though only an occasional outer, will discover motives in men and strange quirks to their conservation mentality the first time you are out with them however much they try to conceal them.

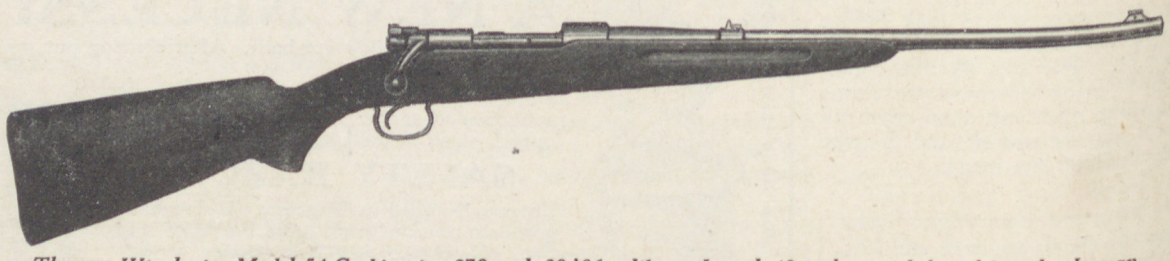
This was brought sharply to my attention a few years ago while I was a guest in the Western Smokies of a man who up to that moment gave me the idea that he was in every way a practical conservationist and had no other motive in bringing me to witness the beautiful rugged country and its possibilities as a game paradise.

We were having a pretty hard time navigating up one of the mountain rivers, and his lack of familiarity with a pole and the action of our small native craft induced me to suggest that we could achieve the run of fresh water much easier had we hooked on to the stern one of the modern convenient capable outboard motors.

Right away that chap began to berate them, telling me over and over again that they had been justly legislated against for use when shooting and what he did not say about the small collection of machinery was of such a nature there is no need of repeating it. His chief accusation was that they were not sportsmanlike and that he first of all was a conservationist and had that one idea alone in his mind against all other hazards.

I could not quite understand why this man decided against the outboard motor when he knew nothing about them. I was unable to conceive why he as he said had suddenly become aligned against shooting of all kinds of game and seemed to be invariably transferred into the top realm of conservation when he mentioned his interest in the proposed government preserve nearby and what it would eventually mean to sportsmen. Above all he exuded the idea that he wanted me to see that part of the Blue Ridge Mountains, to write about it and urge every sportsman to use his influence to get the government to take it over as a preserve.

Then he had to add again his hatred of outboard motors when I mentioned the subject. At the end of my journey I fell back at an old mountaineer guide I asked for information about my host as I could not understand a man so interested in game, fish, and so forth, as to have the government control it, and yet not hunt himself. When lo! came the response. My host was strong for the government purchasing that particular tract because they would have to buy at a higher price a lot of land which he owned and which at the price the government would pay for it would



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return him a nifty profit, and this all turned out afterward to be true.

Not long ago in Pennsylvania I met a traveller who visited the region in which I was stopping to hunt blacklegs. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I had made a trip from Point au Baril to French River Camp in a canoe for which an outboard motor gave the kicking power. Immediately he jumped my metaphorical collar and forthwith declared I was using an instrument which had helped slaughter the game and fish. Then he added with adverse opinion of a proposed public shooting ground and game refuge bill. He was anxious for everybody to hear him, though too, he had formerly favored the bill and now was against it, everybody, and perhaps would lobby against it.

Personally, I am of the opinion while on the subject that every individual or state can do about this bill what their conscience and sportsmanship dictates without having anyone say what is right for a country; but my outboard motor enemy was another of those present century enigmas when his guide told me he was paid to fight the bill and that an eastern game dealer was furnishing the funds. But the really queer angle of it, obtained from the truth, he did not hunt anywhere, and the guide who handled him on fishing trips brought other guides to witness his statement that he never was a sportsman and that they felt relieved when his presence was no longer seen on their waters. As a hunting proposition all enmity toward outboard motors wore itself out long ago. What the little speed boats accomplished in the way of wild fowl and everything else should never have been charged to outboard motors and least of all in hunting, there is not a thing to be said against them but rather a ponderous amount of facts could be furnished for their support were not the manner in which they brought the outdoors near home to people of modest means sufficient to endear them to hundreds of thousands of fishing and hunting enthusiasts.

Personal experiences levy their tribute or reminiscence by forcing almost unforgotten incidents to the front and the things which provided a banner day in the outdoors with them. Thus my mind travels fast to the region where for many years I hunted wild turkey and how the outboard motor came to my aid on Current River and saved me long hours of arduous upstream polling during a period when the regulations against shooting from a motor boat were being heralded throughout the country.

Momentarily I was distressed because I only arrived home on October 31st and the turkey season opened next day. No man nor no two men, all the assistance at my disposal, could ever expect to progress up forty miles of that swift waterway to my destination in a day. With the law as I construed it I felt apprehension. But at last I wired for information, discovering my fears had been unfounded and if I wanted to get to the best shooting I had to start

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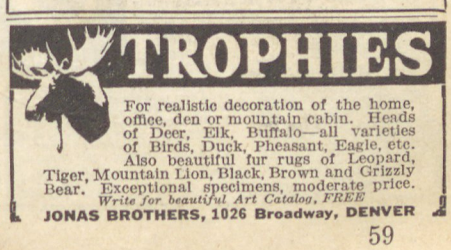

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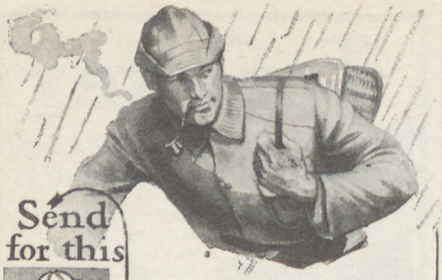

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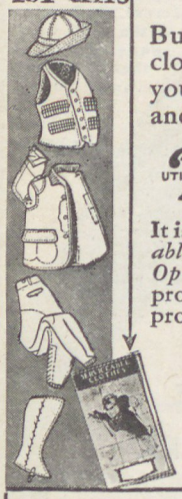

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in a hurry. Never before did the assistance of a detachable motor so impress itself on me as when late that evening I started my journey into the mountains against the roil of the swift current. I realized nothing else could have navigated the dangerous hurrying shoals and no other power could have landed before daybreak next morning my big native John boat into the heart of the region where I succeeded in bagging a gobbler of unusual size. I recalled all the information which had been imparted to me, and realizing that daylight would withhold the hurricane for two more hours I continued until I reached ten miles above my camp sight and heard the grey squirrels barking in the bottoms, and the first streaks of grey and pink around the coming of another day. Quickly I unclamped my little motor from the stern, placed it in the center of the boat, then taking a long-handled steel shod puddler such as was used in the locality, I turned and drifted down stream leisurely in the grasp of the time.

Woodpeckers pounded monotonous staccatos on dead timber, a wolf howled from an eastern hogback, a loon cried with poignant echoing. My craft floated along until on my left I perceived Gun Bluff step out from the enveloping mist and definitely show each outline of the big uplift. Then the sun broke in the hollows and gulches and suddenly I was on the alert, a faint scrambling in the levy warned me of my closeness to my quarry. I looked up into sedge covered slope and saw a flock of wild turkeys, industriously devouring a modest repast of white oak acorns. Quickly I lined the sight of my small high-powered rifle on a massive breast. I pressed the trigger, when the object of my quest, an unusually large gobbler tumbled down the big hill and fell in the water. And at the very moment of my innermost elation I was wishing that everybody knew what a useful part an outboard could play in a trip for wild turkey.

When motor boat laws appeared and prohibited the shooting of all kinds of wild fowl from them, again the outboard motor aided as my solace and saviour on the very same river where it had brought me within shooting distance of my big gobbler. Before day I traveled upstream as far as I wished with the aid of my little kicker behind my John boat, then took it off and put it in center and floated down stream and investigated each little bay and pocket for the presence of wild fowl. The sport furnished was very much improved. Everything I had done previously while polling or calling over decoys from a blind or even path shooting was insignificant in comparison. Conjure in your mind shots at jumping mallards or fast flying canvasbacks while your boat is speeding one way and the ducks are hitting it up to their mightiest in the opposite direction then you can approximate something of the exalted caliber of a sport which inevitably called for an accurate estimating eye and a quick sure finger. All other wild fowl shooting separately or

Hoppe's for guns

TO you as to every other shooter, Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9 means NO RUST. The gun's bore kept clean as a whistle. Removes the deadly primer salt deposited by firing, all powder soot and stain, and also removes leading and metal fouling. No matter what ammunition or kind of firearm. Standard for more than 22 years; recommended by Uncle Sam. Always keep a bottle handy; saves time, work, worry; maintains the resale value of your guns.

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Hoppe's Lubricating Oil is specially refined for gun mechanisms, has highest viscosity and NEVER GUMS. Hoppe's Gun Grease neutralizes fouling acids, prevents after corrosion. Excellent for use with a field cleaner. The dependable heavy swabbing paste for bores and all polished and blued steel subject to rust.

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It can be put on and fastened in three seconds.

Made of special compound twice as tough as that used in other rubbers. Send for free sample of rubber and try to puncture it with stick or pencil.

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in the aggregate never showed me anything equal to this.

Hunters can rest secure while hunting for ducks in the manner I do or continue to do. If they have not tried it they are missing much if they do not provide themselves with a kicker and get right into the best shooting with their canoe or boat. They can get to blinds with these watercraft in desirable points which were heretofore out of their reach and they have need to dread shoals or similar obstacles as they can hide their duck boat or canoe in the rushes, while they wait in their blinds until the day's shooting is over. Then it is no trouble to return to the camp comfortably and this is just the opposite of what we experienced when we had to row back ten miles before we could partake of our supper or later drop calmly on our bed into needed restful slumber.

During the shooting season when the great flight of Canada geese and other feathered migrants of the same family make the bars of the Mississippi and other sand bars their favorite haunts the real goose hunter hooks on an outboard motor to the stern of his boat load in the decoys, a shovel for digging a pit and proceed up or down stream to the shallow landing places where they get to work in real earnest, trying to outwork the shrewdest of air voyageurs. The best thing about the little outboard motor is that if one point shows it is not productive by not being favored by the honkers that day one can quickly get it going and proceed to another without losing much time, and there is one more thing to be considered while on the subject of outboard motors they violate no ethics of sportsmanship and provide a cheap medium of travel of isolated bays where the shooting is good and no other power can navigate.

Redwood Resistance

(Continued from page 26)

found in a fallen redwood trunk, the bark of which was gone but a log of more than five feet in diameter, the wood preserved and about half buried in the earth, had another sequoia trunk lying across it. This second log has a section cut out through which the road passes. This log is nearly seven feet in diameter, and the wood is in a state of good preservation. Across this second log, a third has fallen. The third log is a spruce, I think, and only about two feet in diameter. Over this third log, a spruce of three feet in diameter is now growing whose roots have encircled the two under logs and have grown deep into the ground. It would be highly speculative to venture a guess at the length of the time the first log has lain on the ground. It would seem safe to say that it has lain for at least one thousand years, and possibly twice that length of time with some of its wood still fit for lumber. Lumbermen of the redwoods believe that they often cut lumber from trees that have lain for a thousand years or more.

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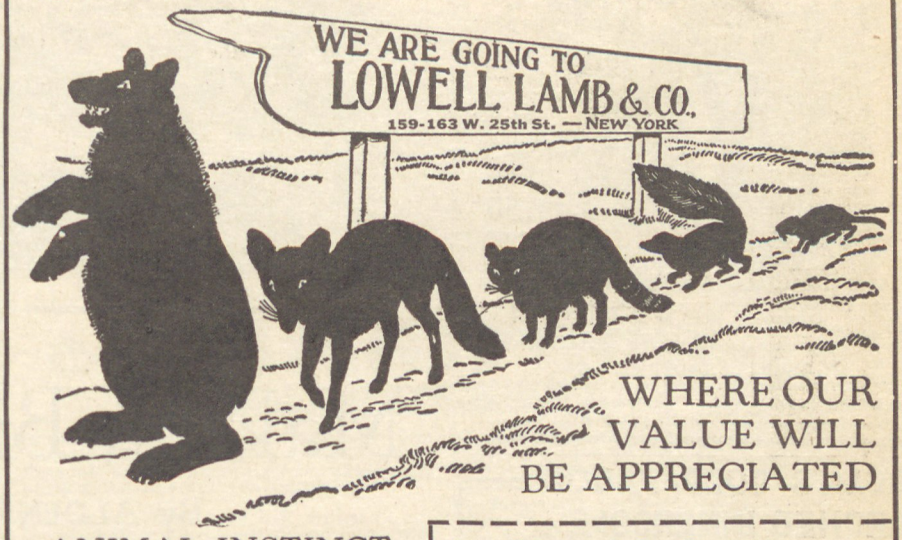

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Please enter my name to receive latest market information, price list, tags, etc.

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"Famous for Accuracy and Hard Hitting"

Turkey Hollow

PROPPING up a black gum tree, yelping softly through the still big woods—"Big Tom" Wales. Fell in love with a Marlin .25-20 and put himself and Turkey Hollow on the map. Old tom turkey he shot they say was most as big as an ostrich.

There's a lot of solid satisfaction in store for you, too, in keeping company with a year-round Marlin Model 27.

The game rifle for settled communities. Not too much power for crows, hawks, geese—enough for deer and black bears.

Model 27—Caliber .25-20 and .32-20

Fast slide action, 24-inch octagon barrel, half magazine, 7 shots, weight about 5¾ lbs. Accurate alike with the new flat-trajectory super-speed smokeless ammunition (all makes) and all the older loads.

Just the gun for foxes, coons, bobcats, coyotes, wolves, cougars (or panthers), alligators—with woodchucks, badgers or whistlers on the side. Ask your dealer. If he cannot show you one, write direct for complete information and prices.

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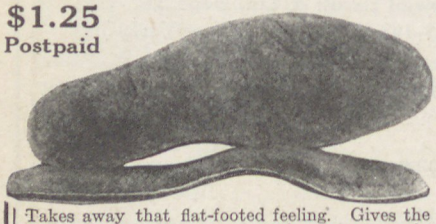

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Dancers, athletes, sportsmen, society women and people who do hard, tiring work have been healed in this new way. It is so comfortable that regardless of the position you assume, it does not hamper the body movement.

Constructed of sanitary, non-irritating materials and assures absolute freedom from skin irritations. Send for Free Trial Offer, sent in plain, sealed envelope.

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American Landscape School 91, Newark, New York

A Junior Audubon Club at Clearwater, Fla.

Making Bird Lovers

By ALDEN H. HADLEY

THE history of the fight for bird protection in our country is a long, interesting, and in some respects, dramatic story. It was begun by the Audubon Society in 1886 and came into full power of operation upon the incorporation of the National Association of Audubon Societies in January, 1905. It is the Audubon Law that today protects the non-game birds in forty-one states of the Union. Through the untiring efforts of its president, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, the National Association has even made its influence felt in the world at large until today there are eighteen countries, representatives of the leading Scientific and Conservation Societies which have combined in an International Committee for Bird Protection of which committee Dr. Pearson is chairman. This represents an achievement that is very significant and without parallel. Thus from very small beginnings has the Audubon movement grown until it has caught a vision of world-wide bird-protection.

The success of the Audubon movement has, from the very first, depended upon a well formulated program of activities. These have in a general way been three-fold. In the very beginning of the fight for bird-protection adequate legislation for the protection of our non-game birds was the task of most immediate concern. Then came the reservation or sanctuary idea which was first conceived by the Audubon workers and which has steadily grown in popularity and usefulness.

There is one phase of the activities of the National Association which has from the very first created widespread and sympathetic interest. This is the educational campaign that for a number of years has been carried on in the schools of the United States and Canada, through the formation of Junior Audubon Clubs. This work had its inception in the year 1910 when Mrs. Russell Sage agreed to give the Association $5,500 with which to begin a campaign of education in the schools of the South, where much destruction of bird-life had been going on, particularly in the case of the robin, which from time immemorial had been regarded a game bird whose only use was for food. Printed matter, with colored pictures of some of the more common birds, was supplied the pupils at a very small cost and 10,000 children were enrolled. From this small beginning the effort has grown until 300,000 school children annually now receive instruction in bird-study, through the Junior Bird Clubs.

In order to carry on this work efficiently and scientifically it was necessary to provide suitable literature pertaining to the subject of bird-study, so there was adopted, as a part of the permanent program, the plan of from time to time publishing educational leaflets. The leaflets, furnished by the Association, are prepared by expert ornithologists and illustrated in color from paintings made by the best artists in America. Every child who wishes to become a member of a Junior Audubon Club pays a fee of ten cents and in return receives a bird button, a set of six colored pictures of our common birds, together with the accompanying educational leaflets containing accounts of the habits of the birds and also outline drawings of the pictures to be used in color work, These leaflets are furnished at one-half the cost of publication and delivery. In order to take advantage of this offer it is required that each teacher enroll as many as ten members.

The introduction of the Junior Audubon work into the schools, while it has meant a large expenditure of money and energy, has never caused a slackening of the activities of the Audubon Society in other fields. This Junior work has ever received the hearty endorsement of United States Commissioners of Education, of State Superintendents of Public Instruction and innumerable school officials as well

as State Departments of Conservation, some of which have officially co-operated in placing lecturers in the field for the purpose of forming Junior Audubon Clubs and giving lectures on Birds and Conservation subjects. Among organizations that have co-operated in this work are Women's Clubs, Lodges, Parent-Teachers' Associations, and in many instances local chapters of the Izaak Walton League and other Conservation organizations which have recognized in the Junior Audubon work an unusual opportunity to instill in the minds of our boys and girls the true principles of Conservation.

Timely Tips

WATERPROOFING LEATHER BOOTS

L. R. P., Anderson, Ind.: Will you please be kind enough to give me the formula for waterproofing leather hunting boots?

Answer: Melt three ounces of spermaceti in an earthen vessel over a slow fire. To this, add six drachms of raw India rubber cut into thin slices. When thoroughly dissolved, add eight ounces of tallow, two ounces of lard and four ounces of amber varnish. When well mixed, it is ready for use. Keep the mixture warm and well stirred. You will get better results if the boots are warm, and the mixture penetrates better if they are new. Apply a heavy coat with a brush and place the boots when dressed where it is warm, allowing the mixture to soak into the leather. After the leather has soaked up this dressing, apply a second coat and even third. If you want to do a good job, the soles should be treated the same way as the uppers. This I know to be a very good formula to keep your boots in good condition for ordinary wear for four or five seasons.

BASS AND FREEZING

R. J. B., Dowagiac, Mich.: What can you tell me about bass freezing in a lake?

Answer: There is very little danger of bass freezing in a lake for it would be necessary for the lake to freeze solid, before it would kill the fish. As long as there is sufficient water under the ice, the bass will winter without any trouble.

TOURING COLORADO

J. C., Chicago, Ill.: Three of us are planning a trip to Colorado by automobile and are trying to avoid the useless expense that most inexperienced campers run into. Any information on this subject will be appreciated.

Answer: I would suggest that in order to make your trip inexpensive, that the three of you camp enroute to Colorado. If you intend to put up at hotels, I would suggest that you stop in smaller towns where you will as a rule find lower rates, good food, little traffic congestion and more personal consideration.

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Single Dial Radio

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ONLY ONE DIAL TO TUNE

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WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO! Wonderful Offer Direct from Factory. This marvelous 7 tube single dial control radio set will be shipped on **30 days free trial** anywhere in the United States, just to prove that it is the greatest long distance receiver made.

F. L. Warnock, Greentown, Ind., writes: "I received the Metrodyne in good shape and am more than pleased with it. Got stations 2000 miles away." C. J. Walker, Mariposa, Calif., writes: "I believe that these one-dial sets are going to be excellent sellers. I had no trouble in tuning in stations enough to satisfy anyone, so you will please send me 1 more set." **Thousands of similar letters received.**

The Metrodyne Single Dial is a 7 tube Tuned Radio Frequency set, approved by America's leading radio engineers. Highest grade low loss parts, magnificent walnut cabinet. Exposed metal parts are finished in 24 karat gold. Genuine bakelite panel, artistically designed in gold. Easy to operate. **Only one dial tunes in all Stations.** Dial is electrically lighted. 1,000 to 3,000 miles on loud speaker. Powerful volume—clear, distinct reception. **Shipped to your home for 30 days free trial.**

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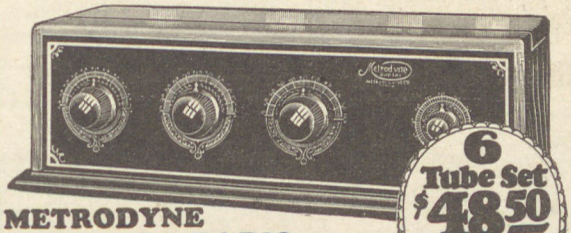
Home agents and dealers make big money selling Metrodynes. All or part time. Metrodyne radios have no competition. Lowest wholesale prices. Demonstrating set on 30 days free trial. Greatest money making opportunity.



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METRODYNE
SUPER SIX RADIO
Wonderful 6 tube, long distance radio set. Approved by America's leading Radio Engineers. Easy to operate. Dials log easily. Tune in your favorite stations instantly on the same dial numbers every time. No guessing. **30 days free trial.**
Mr. Howard of Chicago said, "With 5 Chicago Stations on the air I tuned in 17-out-of-town stations, including New York and San Francisco on loud speaker very loud and clear."

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Write!
Get our offer before buying a radio. Read the hundreds of letters from users who acclaim the Metrodyne as the greatest radio set in the world. None better at any price. A postal or letter brings complete information, testimonials, wholesale prices and our liberal **30 days free trial offer.**

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Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

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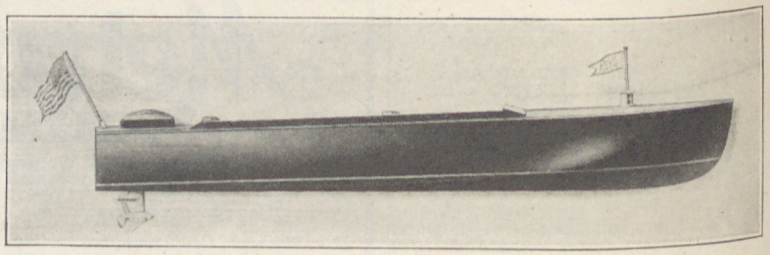
Getting Ready for Spring



The Aquaflyer, a trim little mahogany craft powered by the Johnson Big Twin. It seats four comfortably, and is fast.

MANY of us during January and February have begun to wonder the same thing. "Well, what shall I do this season, sell the old canoe and get a new one, or slap a coat of paint on it and then sell it, or really overhaul it and hope it will last another year?"

A canoe should last, with ordinary care, at least ten years and many will stand the "gaff" at the end of twenty years, that is, of course, barring serious accidents that ruin or weaken the frame. Considering the average cost of a canoe at $100.00, which, including paddles, etc., is a high figure, your investment, together with repairs and paint, will not run over $15.00 a year, which makes canoeing an inexpensive sport.

If your canoe is sound and under ten years of age, it should do another year very well. First take a strong soap solution, some water and either a scrub brush or fine grade of steel wool and clean the inside and outside well, and allow it to dry thoroughly. Then go over the canvas very carefully for holes or worn places. If the canvas is just worn, put some canoe filler or a heavy base of white lead paint on it, then when dry, rub down well with sandpaper. Be sure worn places on the gunwales, thwarts and ribs are all sandpapered smooth.

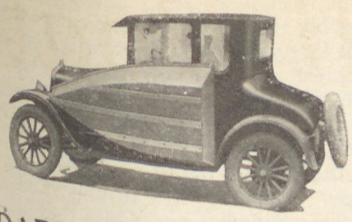
The Super Elto for 1927 is announced as the general utility family motor.

If there are any holes in the canvas, use your own judgment as to the repair job. That is, some will just use heated marine glue on the canvas and call it a day and some time that day will end often at a bad time; at the best, it is not a good, clean looking job and should only be done when lack of materials or time necessitate such work. Others will just place a piece of silk or even canvas over the hole, with some waterproofing material to hold it. But we are talking about winter overhauling, when a man has time to get materials and the idle house to enjoy a little work on the boat just to keep him cheered up till summer arrives.

To make a real workmanship job, loosen the canvas from the frame about an inch back from the hole and clean well, then put in a piece of silk, with the underneath side covered with canoe glue. If it is hard to get the silk even, cut two small wooden paddles and use them to push the silk under the old canvas. When the silk is in smooth, apply more canoe glue and place the old canvas back. If the old canvas does not completely cover the silk patch, place a piece of medium weight canvas, well covered with canoe glue, so that it covers the hole far enough back to get a good grip on the canvas of the canoe. Then place a piece of silk covered with canoe glue over the last canvas patch so that it overlaps the edges and let it dry well. If the work is carefully done and the canoe is painted a fairly dark color, the patch will not be noticed.

After the canoe has been thoroughly cleaned and dried, all patches made, and worn places in the canvas filled, apply one good coat of canoe enamel paint. A coat of varnish over the paint will

Harry M. Barnes of Oakland has made a speed record of 26 miles per hour.



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Seventeen-Foot

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Non-Sinkable

The Aristocrat of the Waters

Built By

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is a 68 page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine. And here's the famous Remington Sportsman's Knife, with stag handle and two long, slender blades—just what you need for skinning and cleaning fish, game birds and animals.

Stag handle; two long, slender blades. Steel lining and bolsters.

BOTH FOR $1

Length—3⅞ in. closed.

The Name "Remington" on the blade is your guarantee of quality.

Special Offer we will send this knife and National Sportsman for a whole year on receipt of $1.00

National Sportsman Magazine, 298 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

KENNEBEC CATALOG—FREE

24 pages in colors. Shows 15 models, including wonderful 1927 JOY-BOY OUTBOARD MOTOR CANOE, Esquimaux-style Kyak and new WHIZ-BOY Speed Boat (20 miles an hr. with outboard motor).

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give it added luster and increase the life of the paint job. One good coat of varnish on the inside is often sufficient, but two are better, as the gunwales, thwarts and often the floor itself are rather colorless after being cleaned. If good materials, your friends will never recognize your canoe this spring. I have known of a man doing a good overhaul job on his boat during the winter with the idea of selling it in the spring and getting a new one, but when he was all through, it looked so well that he did not want to part with it. Often when we think enough of a boat to do a good job of it, we think too much of it to let it go.

In your repair and overhaul work, there are things one should be careful about. For instance, if the bang plates or rods on the boat and stern are broken off or loose and cannot be tightened, get some new ones from the manufacturer of your canoe or the nearest hardware dealer. These rods are very necessary to the life of your craft and few of us ever realize the many shocks they withstand during a summer. Be sure your keel is tight, and if it has become loose at any place, clean under it well and place a little marine glue underneath before you make it tight again.

If you purchased a second-hand boat last year, find out how many coats of paint are on it. With a good canoe filler in the canvas, two coats of paint at the most are all that's necessary. I have seen as many as six different coats of paint removed from the canvas of a second-hand boat. It's an old saying, "You can run a good thing to death," and too much paint will crack your canvas, as a rule.

A new boat should not need repairing for three years, except over patches or scratches or a possible coat of varnish to shine it up the second spring. Starting with a new boat for average use, paint it every second year, rubbing the old paint job down a little with a fine grade of sandpaper and then apply one good coat of paint and, if you like, a coat of varnish over it.

Don't forget those sturdy paddles that stood up so well last year; rub them down with sandpaper, especially the rough parts, and give them a good varnishing. If you are a canoe sailor, this is a fine time to go over the equipment and make needed repairs of sails, mending and replacing worn lines. Even washing the sails will help—a word on this matter: unless you are positive your sailcloth will not shrink, would advise leaving them on the spars when you wash them, otherwise you may have some job bending them back on. After your sails have been washed and thoroughly dried, take them off the spars. Sandpaper the spars, following with a good varnish job much the same as on the paddles, the masts and perhaps the leeboards, although the latter do not as a rule get scratched up as much as the rest of the equipment. Go over all your pulleys and see if any are stopped up with sand or dirt, as often happens. If you cannot clean them out so they work fast and smooth you should replace

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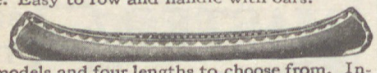

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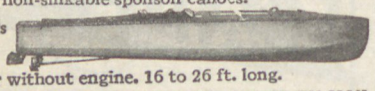

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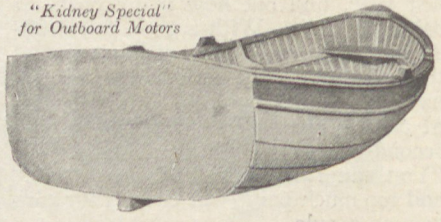

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See Page 76 for INDEX of ADVERTISERS (Display)

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them with new ones. The rudder will possibly need a little work where it was bent last year; new lines, wires or turnbuckles. When you refinish the inside of the canoe you should examine your mast steps, clean and varnish them. Be sure a crack has not started in the blocks or that the screws are loose. The steps are an important item in the equipment and while they do not require much work or repair, they should get a good, close inspection at least once a year.

This may seem like a lot of work, but after all, it's rather interesting and enjoyable, and next summer, in the big races or long cruises you are figuring on, it will be very important to know that all these things were done well. When you first start out this spring, you will be so proud of the appearance of the craft, that it will all seem quite worth while and it really is, too.

During this winter season of repairs and overhauling, there will be questions regarding new designs of sails or areas that you want information on, ways and means of fixing leeboards, making or changing positions of them, placing masts, making rudders, in fact any of the hundreds of questions that so often turn up in connection with the canoe, its accessories or equipment. Remember, this department is here to serve you in any manner possible. It is at the same time a pleasure to us and a help towards promoting the sport we like best, so let's hear from you folks.

Questions and Answers

Question: Will you kindly explain the following terms as applied to canoe construction? Planking, gunwale, stem, thwart and keel.

Answer: The term "planking" applies to the boards running from bow to stern, and are laid over the ribs underneath the canvas. The "gunwale" is the top of the canoe running on both sides. The "stem" is the forepart in the bow. The "thwarts" are the supports that keep the shape of the canoe and should never be taken out, and if broken be replaced as soon as possible. The "keel" is the strip laid outside the canvas running from bow to stern on the bottom of the canoe.

Question: Is it necessary to use brass and copper metal in the construction of a canoe that will be used only in fresh water?

Answer: It is not necessary to use brass or copper metal in the construction of a canoe for either fresh or salt water. The only copper used in the work is the tacks which fasten the ribs, planks and brace construction.

Question: How does the construction of a sponson canoe differ from an ordinary canoe, to prevent it from capsizing?

Answer: The only difference between the sponson and the ordinary canoe is that as it tips to one side, the sponson, which has an air chamber, or the older practice was to fill this chamber with cork, adding a little more width to the boat and riding surface on the water. It is well to remember that while the sponson will not tip over, it will rock or tip to a certain extent.

Question: What material should I use for making a canoe sail, and could it be waterproofed for other uses on a canoe trip?

Answer: The canoe sail may be made out of balloon silk, or a thoroughly well-oiled canvas to make it waterproof for other purposes, but it would not be advisable to do so as it would be necessary for you to take it off the spars and relashing every time you use it. A better thing would be to have an extra piece of canvas for other purposes.

Question: What length and width lee-boards should be used in sailing a sixteen-foot canoe, beam 36 inches, depth 13 inches and weight about 90 pounds? Also what size sail would recommend for this boat?

Answer: In sailing a sixteen-foot canoe the length of lee-boards is not essential, however, they will run from a foot to fifteen inches in width and from 2½ to 3 feet in depth. The size sail would depend on the owner's familiarity with sailing. If a beginner, would suggest that you start with a 45 or 47-foot square latteen sail. This can be increased as you gain experience to 65 or 75-foot square sail, the same lee-boards being used with the various sizes of sail. If case you intend racing with this outfit, would suggest you add an extra 6 to 8 inches in the length of your lee-boards as you will unquestionably use only one at a time, that being the one on the lee side.

Question: Will you please advise me what should be done to a canoe before it is used the following season?

Answer: In getting the canoe out in the spring, clean it well with a strong soap solution and water, applying it with a fine grade of steel wool. When dry, go over the outside for holes in the canvas which should all be properly patched. If the boat has more than two coats of paint on it, would suggest that you take some of this off before applying a new coat of paint to the outside and the coat of varnish to the inside. In the event that you desire a higher finish on the canvas, apply a coat of varnish over the coat of paint.

Question: Would you suggest some kind of a pack harness for portaging a canoe or can it be handled better by two persons who will each be carrying pack sacks?

Answer: There is no pack harness required for portaging a canoe. Practically every canoe manufacturer sells what is known as a canoe yoke, which is fastened to the gunwales and the canoe is invariably carried by one person only, as it is considered very impractical and difficult for two people to handle a canoe on a portage, owing to the better balance maintained by only one carrying it. This will leave the other party to handle the pack sacks, although where the one carrying the canoe is of sufficient physical strength, he will carry loose equipment in his hands. In the event that you have not a canoe yoke, or it has been lost, lash the two paddles across the forks so they will rest on your shoulders, padding them with some loose handkerchiefs or piece of canvas.

Question: What would you consider as the most logical type of tent to be used on a canoe cruise?

Answer: A tent for a canoe cruise will be governed largely by the number of people in the party and the time the party will be out, as well as the territory it covers. In a two party cruise, a small cruising tent 7x7x7 is the most logical, for this part of your equipment, and depending upon what the weight of it is will govern whether your tent should be silk or regular weight of canvas. Silk tents, running to as large a size as 9x12 can be folded up into a compact bundle much the same as an ordinary raincoat, with the total weight of about four to five pounds. The consistent canoe cruiser invariably works his equipment down to this type of a tent, and as a rule it will be larger than 7x7. Many of the campers must carry tent poles and stakes in some sections over which they cruise, especially over the civilized areas. In getting back into what we call wilderness, there is no use for this, as in many places poles can be found or can be cut. If absolute space and weight are essential, a so-called army pup tent may be used to a good advantage with this exception—when encountering rainy weather, where a cruiser is limited to any length of time it is not a satisfactory arrangement, or if the bedding is a bigger item due to weather conditions, the sleeping bag or robe, without the tent will answer the occasion. But in figuring on staying in a given spot over a length of time, it will be well and add much pleasure and convenience to the trip, if a larger tent is taken. The wall tent, the cruiser, or the explorer tents are the ones that are used mostly, the difference being that the wall tent requires a little more work in erecting, due to the larger number of poles and stakes. The cruiser or explorer tent requires but two large poles, the bottom being staked out. It might be well to add, that in the event the reader is considering buying a tent for consistent use be sure to use one that has the ground cloth, as this adds much comfort when encountering inclement weather.

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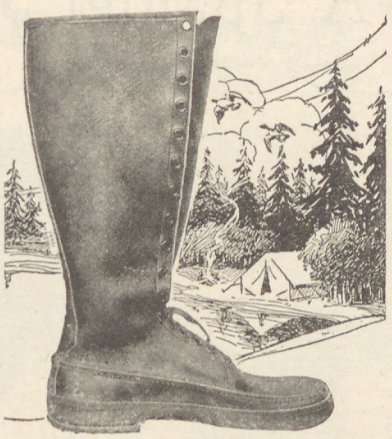

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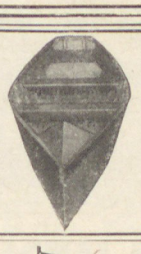

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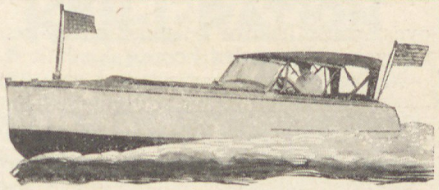

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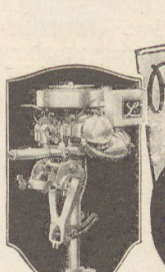

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Your Dog and Mine

Edited by V. C. EBEL

Reddy—A Spaniel Speaks

By Samuel G. Lewis

FOR some time I have been requested by the editor of this magazine to give a short account of myself, especially in connection with certain of my doings that seem to puzzle the so-called lords of creation.

Certainly I number among my best friends some very good men, but to put the cards on the table at the start, I was raised by a woman. To find out what kind of a job she made of it, just look at my picture. Modesty forbids me pursuing the subject along these lines any farther.

Was born of very good parents, and am supposed to be a thoroughbred ruby cocker spaniel—but in some way, I believe that far back some one slipped a cog or—but listen! If there wasn't some bull dog in me, or possibly African lion, why do I always behave like one or the other? Of course I have my buddies and like them and would do anything for them. But I seem to have no discretion. If I dislike a dog, I'm all too prone to show it. It seems entirely of its own volition that the hair on my back stands on end, and I probably say something under my breath that the other fellow doesn't like—and the first thing one knows, women and children say, "Oh, there's a dog fight!" It really doesn't mean a dog fight but a massacre, with yours truly doing all the receiving. Which again is all wrong, too, because if you know the favorite saying, "It is more blessed to give than receive." I'm sure to try to, but I'm just not able to deliver.

Naturally, that brings us up to the present time and the real reason for not having answered the polite editor's many letters. I'm recovering from a very severe illness. I don't know that you'd call it an illness, either. An accident—well, why not make a clean breast of it? I was licked, licked good and plenty. I know it now very well, and I knew it before it started—just what I'd get. But, as I've already told you, that strain of African lion or whatever it is, caused the trouble. He was a police dog—you can call them Shepherds, if you want to, but I will not. If you had seen me after it was over, you'd believe he must have been all wolf. I crawled home. I admit it.

Reddy.

My mother was out when I came in—not my real mother, of course—but the lady who raised me. But when she came home and saw me! What a fuss!! Then a lot of telephoning. I knew what that meant, all right. And soon my worst fears were realized. A smelly, horsey gentleman, who had punctured me several times to insert serum into me because I'd been playing with a canine gentleman who was supposed to be mad—he wasn't even angry, only thirsty, because it was a hot day. The horsey and smelly gentleman arrived and did a lot of things to me, though none of them were as bad as when he pulled two of my teeth recently—said they wouldn't stand filling and he couldn't save them.

You wouldn't think I could get into any more trouble, would you? But here's a mut, Jack, that comes in our yard and stays in the car while his folks do the visiting. I don't like him, and I'm afraid I showed it and then—

But that wasn't what the editor wanted me to tell you about. So, to get right down to business:

You know I live just outside of Boston, and only recently went down town to see Paul Revere ride through. Not the real Paul Revere, you understand, but a man dressed up just like him. You see the road that Paul used when he warned the patriots that they were to be attacked is now the main thoroughfare of the town. I go down there frequently with my folks. If I'm with mother and stop at one of the drug stores I patronize for such purposes, she generally takes the hint and buys me a chocolate bar.

In this town, and only a block from the house, is a pond, Spy Pond. Don't know why they call it that, but of course it's very historical country, and they may have caught a spy there in our first war. But, oh boy, what a place to swim in.

Here again is where I think I'm a little mixed—though I've seen mother show people a paper a yard long and say "that's his pedigree"—whatever that is. But if I didn't have a bit of seal in me, why would I be so crazy about the water? For a long time, wild ducks have been coming there—to this pond, I mean. Mallards, I think they call them. Very queer birds, too, if you ask me. Of course no one bothers them, and they come up into

the town looking for handouts. I've never met them that way, though, only when they were in swimming.

I'm not supposed to go down to the pond alone, but it gets very hot and I wear a heavy coat and—well, don't boys generally sneak off and go swimming when it's warm?

And then, just when I'm enjoying myself, along comes a lady duck with a number of babies. That's too much for me, and I start after them. It's great fun and away we go. But when I get close to them, the mother flies away some distance and lights, and off I put after her. I get close to her and away she flies again. She does that three or four times and then flies back to her family. I put out after her as fast as I can go—and then we start the performance all over again.

Later on, I see a familiar figure on the bank of the pond. It's Mother!! She's calling me to come out of the water, and after a while, as I'm thoroughly tired out, I do what every dog and boy should always do—obey!

Now, I've heard mother and the gentleman she's married to, talk this thing over. The gentleman says he's discussed the problem with men all over the country, and none of them can understand why I don't go after the little ones, why I always follow the mother duck when she rises from the water.

Well, I'll tell you and give it to you straight, as dog to—as dog to friend. I can swim about as fast as any grown duck I've ever met—but they can fly and I can't—and neither can the babies, and I could gobble them all up before you could say "Dog Biscuit." But here's the low down: I'm a gentleman and it wouldn't be sporty.

Kennel Questions and Answers

PUPPY CARE

P. R. S., Jacksonville, Fla. When should puppies be wormed and how often afterward? How long should they be allowed to nurse?

Answer: Worm your puppies when they are about four weeks old, and if worms are expelled, repeat the treatment in about two weeks. The puppies may nurse about six weeks, but start to wean them at about four weeks.

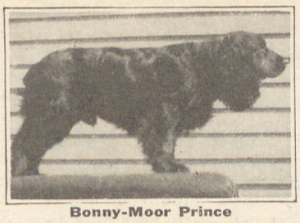
FLEAS

F. R. V., Topeka, Kan. My Irish setter seems to be covered with fleas and after treatment with powders and flea soap they seem to come back in a few days. What would you recommend as a sure cure?

Answer: You probably have been using effective flea remedies but not consistently. The active fleas are killed with your first application but the eggs remain to hatch out after the effect of the flea remedy has disappeared. Re-

Sporting Spaniels Cockers AND Springers

COCKER



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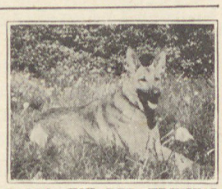

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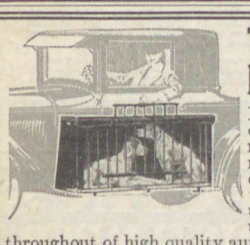

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peat the treatment every four or five days for three or four treatments and we believe that you will effect a cure. If you should not be successful after repeating the above treatment, try a three per cent solution of Creoline and dip your dog in this mixture. Repeat again in about one week and cleanse the kennel and sleeping quarters. Spray the kennel with this solution or a mixture of kerosene and oil of tar. Use about five ounces of oil of tar to the gallon of kerosene. Also repeat the spraying in about a week.

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EMACIATED AIREDALE

F. A. S., Evanston, Ill. I have a female airedale seventeen months old that gave birth to a litter of six pups last May and since the puppies were weaned she has been in very poor health. She suffered from distemper at the age of eight months and slowly recovered to a seemingly healthy condition. The puppies seemed to sap her vitality, and since then her appetite is good, but she remains very thin. I have been feeding her well, but she is growing thinner. Can you advise me the best thing to do to get her back into good condition?

Answer: Plenty of rest and good nourishing food is necessary. Feed her two cups full of dry cereal and a pint of whole milk for the morning meal. Allow the dog as much rest as possible. For the noon meal, feed a half pound of raw hamburger and a cup full of dried whole wheat bread or toast which is moistened with meat broth. The evening meal should be the same as the noon meal, to which is added cooked green vegetables, such as spinach, beet greens, celery, or green beans. These should be chopped and mixed with the other food. Season food with salt and vary by occasionally cooking the meat. Give a teaspoonful of codliver oil with the noon and evening meal. Have your dog examined thoroughly for worms and if there are any present, take immediate steps to remove them.

Our Remote Ancestors

(*Continued from page 15*)

with stars.

What now is, has been, and will continue to be. When June comes round again, and if there be still unpolluted rivers, the delicate mayfly will flicker on the water, and the great spotted trout will roll up at it, though you and I may not be there to see.

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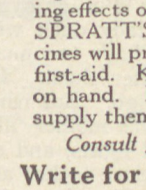

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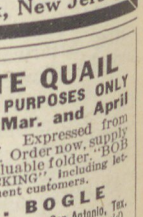

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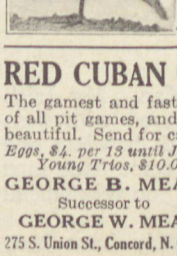

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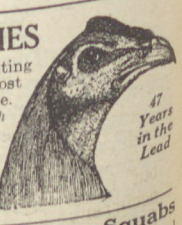

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Huntin' Snowshoes

(Continued from page 11)

numbing cold of our long winters, the scantiness of food, and the numerous natural enemies it has to contend with, to say nothing of the modern shotgun, this same snowshoe rabbit seems to hold its own, at times prolific, and at others, especially during the seven year cycle when some mysterious disease decimates them, they seem to totally disappear, only to come back in ever increasing numbers until the peak is reached again about the third or fourth year. I have been in the woods north of Cochrane, Ontario, on days in January and February, with the temperature hovering around 50 below zero, cold so intense that the trees snapped like pistol shots, and found these same snowshoe rabbits hopping jauntily along in their warm coat of fur, as unconcerned as though they were in Florida.

I well remember one never to be forgotten day, penetrating into new country where a lumber company had secured timber rights, when in the virgin woods these rabbits were so thick and so unconcerned for their safety, probably due to never having seen man before, where the camp cook secured thirty-five with a miserable rusty little .22 in about an hour, and where I quit shooting the gun I always carried because the rabbits would not run. Nearer civilization, however, a man earns his game.

Day dreaming with such thoughts as these I nearly lost my next rabbit. I had come up onto a bald rocky hill and was dipping down into the next gully when a rabbit started from the bottom straight up the far side. Hastily throwing the safety off I followed in behind and pulled, the only apparent result being to quicken his departure. Steadying down I gave him the choke barrel and once more the hard hitting little gun scored. Nothing else coming my way I retraced my way to the road, meeting up with my two friends on the way out, and we secured one more just at dusk. Landing on an old tote road I met with a most regrettable accident. It was fairly stony, boulders about the size of a man's head, and the afternoon sun had melted the light snow which had not started to freeze. In the twinkling of an eye I was sprawled flat on my back. I had fallen lots of times before and had always managed to save my gun, preferring to take the blow myself. This time, however, I was not so fortunate, and examination showed where the hard rock had bit, and several nasty scratches marred the beautiful appearance of my trim little gun. I had carried this lovely little weapon for seven years without a scratch, and it was and is my most valued possession. I could have cried, but I had to accept this unfortunate occurrence as all in the day's work, and finally we arrived safely home after a most enjoyable day well spent in the great outdoors, so well beloved by all good sportsmen.

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Index of Advertisers

Page 76—this issue

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1926-1927 Edition

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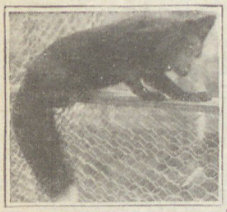

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I sell wild cottontail, jack and snowshoe rabbits, grey and fox squirrels. Quail for stocking purposes.

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The Public Owns the Stream

(*Continued from page 12*)

in which it was held that the title to navigable stream and Great Lakes bottoms "In the hands of either the state or riparian owner was still burdened with the trust," Judge MacDonald concludes: "From this it follows that the common law doctrine, viz.: the right of fishing in the navigable waters follows the ownership of the soil does not prevail in this state. It is immaterial who owns the soil in our navigable rivers. The trust remains. From the beginning the title was impressed with this trust for the preservation of the public right of fishing and other public rights which all citizens enjoyed in tidal waters under the common law."

Not only did President Henry Schuil of the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League of America retain attorneys to fight this case through the supreme court, but some of the most able lawyers in the state volunteered their services in preparation of briefs for the Supreme Court including Circuit Judge Willis B. Perkins of Grand Rapids, Former Judges Roberts B. Hudson of Sault Ste. Marie, and Harry D. Jewell of Grand Rapids, and Attorneys William K. Clute, Victor H. Hilding, Leland D. Phelps, Willis B. Perkins, Jr., and Joen M. Dunham. The last named two with the assistance of Judge Perkins prepared, at their own expense, a special brief as "Friends of the court" appearing on "Behalf of the State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America."

Just what effect this decision will have in establishing a precedent for other states is problematical, although it should be remembered that the trust of the old northwest ordinance of 1787 bequeathing perpetual rights in the navigable streams to the public played a large part in the present case and Illinois, Wisconsin and others of the Central Western States are similarly subject to this old ordinance.

Guddlin' for Trout

(*Continued from page 10*)

"So you're a Rotarian," says he. "Aye," said I. "Weel," says he, "I understand that all Rotarians call each other by their given names." "Aye." "Weel, Wattie, my name's 'Tull.'" And some people wonder why the English are perfectly willing to fight till the last Scotchman is killed.

"Where's your luggage?" Hielan' hospitality right on the jump! And despite protestations I was carried off, bag and baggage to the home of "Tull." There we sat over the traditional midnight supper, and consumed enough tea and other things, to make it perfectly clear to me why the Scotch are called "a hardy race." We swapped yarns until "Davie" being an elder in the Kirk reminded us that it was "the Sawbath," and said gude nicht and exacted a promise that we meet him i' the Kirk the morn.

To the Kirk we went, which proved to be one with an old Norman tower dating to 1209, and a glebe that furnished a Manse that looked like a mansion and provided the "Meenister" with a salary that would make many an American preacher green with envy. "Tull" confided to me that it was in this very Kirk that the Meenister looked doon frae his pulpit one drowsy June morning to see his flock, with one exception, sound asleep. Pounding on the pulpit he shouted: "Ye should a' be ashamed o' yersels! Ye are a' asleep but daft Jamie." (Jamie was the village idiot.) "Aye," said Jamie, "an' I wad be asleep tae Meenister if I were na daft."

In the afternoon I was taken for a customary ten mile stroll around the beautiful countryside, and had pointed out to me a beautiful public golf course and a natural swimming pool hollowed out the rocky bottom of the "burn" that ran through the "clachan." As we crossed the burn "Tull" said, "Noo Wattie, sit on the brig, an' spit i' the burn, an' ye're a full fledged citizen o' the toon."

Next morning "Davie" and "Tull" and "wee Davie," dressed as all the lads of the village were in kilts, and I went T'out fishing. It would be nearer the truth to say that we went "poaching," for the little stream, the same that ran through the village, was privately owned and stocked. But that didn't disturb "Davie's" conscience for he had the reputation of being a famous poacher, especially for salmon in season. So, despite the fact that this little stream had been fished and poached for a thousand years it still had trout in it. I have no doubt that my ancestors fished in that same stream hundreds of years ago. (I. W. L. A. members take notice. Will there be trout in the streams of America centuries hence?) The fact is that we all caught trout that day. But the real fisherman of the day (and hereby hangs the tale) was wee Davie, skilled in the gentle art of "guddlin'."

To "guddle" for trout, you may need kilts such as wee Davie wore, but at any rate you climb out on the rocks of the stream, and watching for some unwary little finny brother under its

shadows cannily reach a hand under the trout, and placing your fingers under the trout's tail begin to tickle its belly gently and affectionately until you notice it wiggle its tail with pleasure. Then, continue the process, slowly proceeding to a point behind the gills, and then, with a deft and sudden pressure of the thumb and forefingers you suddenly exert a pressure that results in snapping the trout's spinal cord.

I wadna believe it masel' if I had not seen wee Davie repeat the performance seven times, and upon each occasion shouting to his father: "Aye, faither! here's anither bonnie yin!"

Believe it or not, another midnight supper proved the quality of all and sundry in the catch, and I, the recipient of bounteous Hielan' hospitality left next morning regretting that I could not stay long enough to learn the gentle art of "guddlin' for troot."

Just An Old Pipe

(*Continued from page 8*)

were the rapids that had roared with laughter and tumbled hysterically. The myriad voices of the rushing river came no longer to his ears. Long ago had the intense silence of the wilderness stifled them.

Vertical wrinkles appeared between the city man's eyebrows. The bare spot by the river—what was that? People, and buildings, and automobiles. He stared at them. A black speck scurried into the open space, and stopped. A miniature cloud of dust followed it, and gradually melted away. Smaller specks, all head and no feet, aimlessly passed across the brown square. How many there were of them, all ambling sluggishly! The banker looked up to the mountains, and yet his fascinated gaze hurried back to his own kind. A grimace distorted his face as he observed his species. These purposeless ants to call themselves 'Lords of Creation!'

The Old Man of the McKenzie touched his arm. The young man rose quickly to his feet. "Yet these insignificant, these inane atoms are wonderful beings, my boy," the philosopher's vibrant voice merged with his thoughts. The acrid scent of tobacco smarted his nostrils.

"But what do they amount to compared to this!" and the young man choked and faltered, flinging his arm in a swift, encircling gesture. For a fraction of eternity he was aghast, then "Oh! Your pipe!" he wailed like a small child, and sprang after the treasured relic he had brushed from his companion's lips.

"Stop! Stop!" the woodsman jumped after him, yelling hoarsely. He snatched for the banker, and missed.

Blindly, seeing only the brown object that he was reaching for, the young man swooped with one outstretched arm. He stumbled, caught himself, swayed dizzily, and crumpled at the very edge of the great precipice. He began to slide.

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"For the lassoo will be swingin'
And the hosses rarin' high,
And the punchers will be singin'
As in the roarin' days gone by."

Here in the great northwest there is only one large ranch left. 94,000 acres of the choicest grazing land. 35 miles long. Plenty of water. Extends over 8 townships. The present peculiar situation in the land market together with unusual local conditions makes this tremendous tract available at the low original government price of pioneer days.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Name Address

Sign here_____

Annual dues for Membership-at-large, including Membership Card, bronze Membership Emblem and a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA, $3.00.

"Oh, my God!" prayed George Bitney, transfixed with horror.

Far below him William Fiske saw sundered boulders, tips of serene firs, the impossible thread of the river. He was falling—falling. He flung his arms before him and closed his eyes.

His body jerked suddenly. He swung limply, a strong breeze rippling his hair. The blood rushed to his head. He was nauseated and dizzy.

"Push up! Push up with your hands!" he heard George Bitney crying far away. "Push up!" He pushed numbly; then the strained tendons aroused him to frantic efforts.

Above him, lying prone on the naked rock, The Old Man of the McKenzie jerked at the ankles he clutched. The cords stood rigid and white above the leather of his hands. He swung his whole body back, and back again. He gained inch after inch from the sinister precipice. His heart hammered in his throat. A brief rest, the weight dragging at his aching shoulders, and yet another backward swing of his body. His breath whistled through his opened mouth. He put his sweating face between his tensed arms and made a supreme effort.

"Well, isn't that far enough?" Bill Fiske moaned, and quietly fainted.

George Bitney, his hands still riveted on the ankles before him, cautiously raised his head at the slight sound. He sprang to his feet. He rolled the inert body, the blond head at least a foot from the treacherous edge, still further from the death that had almost claimed it.

"Y' damn fool!" The Old Man of the McKenzie cried, his face pallid. He dropped to his knees beside the contorted body, shaking it hysterically, and fanning the empty face with his hat. "Y' damn fool!" he half sobbed. The bewildered blue eyes stared past him.

George Bitney propped the passive head against his knees. He dropped his hat and snatched for the senseless hand still closed around the cherished pipe. He straightened the fingers from their frozen grasp, and picked the shattered pieces from the relaxed palm. Sadly, a lump thickening in his throat, he gazed at the fractured tangible remains of a perfect friendship. His eyes were dim. This young man—this son of his father—had realized what the pipe meant to a lonely dreamer; had risked everything to give it back; and had given something greater in its stead. "Not the echo, but the continuation," a forgotten phrase drummed in the watcher's brain. "The continuation."

The Old Man of the McKenzie glanced furtively at the face that was quickening to intelligence, and dropped the broken pipe into his pocket. His arm stole around the younger man's neck, supporting it tenderly. His free hand returned to the empty palm. He stared with unseeing eyes at the puny mites in the bare space far, far below, beside the ribbon of river. He cleared his throat noisily. "If you ask me," he said huskily, answering Bill Fiske's question, "There's a bit of God in every man."

CORNING, INCORPORATED
ESTABLISHED 1904
ADVERTISING
SAINT PAUL — MINNESOTA

October 13, 1926

Outdoor America
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Attention Mr. Peaslee:

Gentlemen:

We are glad to inform you that Outdoor America produced inquiries for the Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association in the 1926 summer campaign, at the lowest cost of all outdoor magazines and at the second lowest cost per inquiry of all magazines on this schedule.

The record of Outdoor America is one in which we can consistently place it on any schedule for this type of advertising.

Yours very truly,

LC:FP

CORNING, INCORPORATED
Lloyd R. Gates

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Classified for the Convenience of our Readers

February, 1927, Issue Outdoor America

Read all the ads before buying; our advertisers will be happy to serve you. In writing to advertisers, please mention OUTDOOR AMERICA.

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Address: Classified Advertising Department

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KING fourteen foot folding boat practically new. Fifty dollars. Loyd Zimmerman, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

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16 FOOT rowboat—easily made. Blueprint, 30c. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich. (3-2)

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$1,000.00 PAID for clippings or short extracts on subjects of Liberty and Freedom, from world literature; will be used in our forthcoming book "The Scrap-Book of Human Freedom." Meador Publishing Company, 27 Beach, Boston. (3-2)

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SPECIAL—1787 Connecticut cent 27c; German binoculars cheap. Durso, Dept. 113, 25 Mulberry, N. Y. City. (3-4)

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FOR Call Ducks and all varieties Standard prize Waterfowl, Bantams, Guineas, etc., write Lee Kyburz, Lake Beulah, Wisconsin. 230 Blue Ribbons, Best Displays, Wisconsin State Fair, 1926. Satisfaction guaranteed. (3-2)

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THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Oorang Airedales trained as watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, and stock-drivers. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-2)

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REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-4)

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Dogs

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THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters—Finest pups $20.00; photos; pedigrees; description. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Ill. (3-4)

FINEST countrybred English Setter puppies, registered, $20.00 each. A. Bergt, Schuyler, Nebr. (3-4)

POINTER Pups scientifically bred. Registered proven strains, $35.00 up. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-4)

REGISTERED Pointer closing out sale. Must sell at once. W. F. Herron, Houston, Mo.

Police Dogs

POLICE puppies, papers to register. Imported and domestic. Breeding sired by nephew of Strongheart. Grays and blacks. Females, $15.00; males, $30.00. Open and bred females. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-2)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price, $20.00 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-2)

POLICE pups, grown dogs, excellent pedigrees. Reasonably priced. Eligible for registration. At Stud—Tecks Von Bismark. K. A. Osberg, Winthrop, Minn. (3-4)

DOBERMAN Pinschers, puppies and grown dogs. Delivery guaranteed. Joe Masters, Bowerstown, Ohio. (3-4)

GERMAN Shepherd puppies of quality, pedigreed champion bred stock. Reasonable. E. Eriksen, R. D. 3, Schenectady, N. Y.

POLICE Puppies. $15.00 up. Grown females. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill.

Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-2)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Beautiful pups from Avandale stock. For quick sale $15.00 up. Several ready to train, $35.00. Wellsway Shaggy Lad at stud, fee $20.00. H. J. Robertson, Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-2)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Ch. Carnfield Boy and Avandale blood. Liver and white. Whelped October third. Ready to train. Females, $25. Males, $35. Ray J. Smith, West Point, Nebraska.

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniels. A fine litter. Liver and white, sired by "Chief of Iowa." Chief is a real duck dog and his puppies are workers. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-3)

WATER Spaniel Pups, half Irish, half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15. Females, $10. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

CLOSING out sale of Springer pups nine months of age. Excellent breeding. Real bargains. Buy now. Vernal Carlson, Hoopeston, Ill.

SPRINGER pups from imported stock. Best working blood in existence. O. V. Brown, Dawson, Minn. (3-2)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels. Genuine curly coated rat tail strain. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-3)

BLACK Cocker Spaniel Puppies, also reds, $15 and $25 each. Eligible. E. Roberts, Sinclairville, New York.

SPRINGERS, well bred, nicely marked puppies. Reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn. Box A.

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies sired by "Brand of Avandale." Dr. W. U. Blymire, Dallastown, Pa.

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. From real field dogs. Best of breeding. Priced right. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-4)

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

IRISH Terriers—small enough for the motor. Large enough for the out-of-doors. Dead game, real pals. Puppies of royal breeding now ready. Mackellen Kennels, 205 Federal Bldg., Lexington, Ky. (3-4)

FOXTERRIERS. Registered. Make fine pets, ratters, companions, hunters. Mostly white bodied puppies, $10.00 up. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-2)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

RAT terriers—Fox terriers. Illustrated lists 10¢. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-2)

Trainers—Dogs

SPANIEL Training—field trials or shooting dog—my specialty. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-3)

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs to train by month or job. Reference with pleasure. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss. (XXX)

BOARD and training Beagles, $7.50 month. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Ill. (3-4)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for pups 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

MARNEY'S worm capsules—for puppies or dogs—$1.00 a package. 400 Broadway, East St. Louis, Ill. (3-3)

RUNNING Fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Va. (3-4)

RUNNING-BARKING fits cured. Treatment $2.00. Sure cure. State weight. Dog book free. Curtis Russell, Guntersville, Ala. (3-4)

Firearms and Ammunition

SHOOTERS, we make for you. Straightline Reloading Tools, All-Steel Cleaning Rods, Watson Rifle Sights, Bolt-Sleeve Sights, Target Telescope Sights and Hunting Scopes. B&M Service supplies you with any shooting accessory needed. Any folder Free. Complete Handbook for 50 cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-4)

SOLE Distributors — Mannlicher-Schoenauer rifles—Walther rifles, pistols—Georg Knaak Made-to-Measure guns—Sequoia Bluer. Catalog 5c. Bargains on discontinued lines. Sequoia Importing Co., 17 Spear St., San Francisco. (3-4)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-4)

THE OVR-UNDA gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-4)

FOX double twelve gauge, C. E. grade, rubber pad, ivory sights, excellent condition. $75.00. P. F. Kuhlman, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ITHACA double sixteen gauge, rubber pad, ivory sights, Damascus barrels, practically new. $40.00. P. F. Kuhlman, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GERMAN 22 Target Pistols cheap. Sportsmen's Supply (Brierhill), Youngstown, O. (1x27)

Fish and Game Attractions

TERRELL'S Giant Wild Rice seed and 35 other plants for attracting game and fur-bearing animals. 30 years experience. Expert planting advice free. Discount on orders placed during winter. Write, Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 51 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

MINNESOTA Giant Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-4)

WILD Celery. Sago Pond Weed. Widgeon grass. All best kinds duck food attractions. Whites Game Preserve, Waterlily, N. C. (6-7)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANGLING—Trout flies from the Emerald Isle, best quality either wet or dry. All patterns suitable for American waters—also salmon flies, rods, reels, lines, leaders, baits, etc., every variety. Catalogues free. L. Keegan, Specialist in Fly Tying and Fishing, Tackle Manufacturer, 3, Inns Quay, Dublin, Irish Free State. (3-4)

TROUT Flies—Fine imported flies, twelve assorted wet patterns to gut, sizes 10 or 12, $1.25 per doz. Eyed dry-flies, twelve assorted patterns, sizes 12 or 14, $1.75 per doz. Split bamboo fly-rods, $5.00 to $50.00. M. E. Hoag Fly & Tackle Co., 5310 Temple-ton St., Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

NEW departure weedless bucktail and feather bass flies, $6.00 dozen or your ideal tied from sample or faithful description; reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kan. (3-4)

MR. FISHERMAN: Are you interested in a better silk casting or trolling line for less money? Inclose stamp for sample cards and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill. (4-5)

FAN and spent wing trout flies made to order. Leonard Halladay, Mayfield, Mich. (3-3)

Food Products

SEVEN pounds evaporated sweet corn $2.00 postpaid third zone. Ideal for camping. Free sample. The E. B. Hostetter Co., Richwood, Ohio. (3-4)

ELEVEN pounds Pure Maple Syrup, $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Birchwood, Wis. (3-4)

For Sale or Exchange

MY BEST shooting dogs. Registered Irish setters and pointers; also pups. For milkgoats, bees, chickens, shotguns, tents, typewriters. Ozark Kennels, C. A. Smith, Box 42, Hollister, Mo.

HAVE six watches valued $50.00 each; will trade for anything of value, gun, rifle, or police dog. Anderson Motor Co., Grand Prairie, Texas.

AIREDALES and Spaniels. Want 32 automatic, any good gun or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minnesota.

EXCHANGE dogs for guns. Tree dogs. Rabbit Dogs. Foxhounds. Beck Brothers, Herrick, Illinois.

NEW thirty calibre Remington rifle to trade for high grade binoculars. Ross Gore, Tecumseh, Nebraska.

For Smokers

SCOTCH Clayschaum Pipes porous clay, absorbs nicotine, conserves health. Straight stem, colors beautifully, gives the fragrance of tobacco in its purest form. Six $1.00, three 50c, two 35c, postpaid. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, Dept. K2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-4)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 fine cigarettes. Large pocket tin Special Blend smoking tobacco also sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 4, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-3)

CIGARS, Jack Miner registered brand, one hundred in handsome Log Cabin Box. Mild, real good quality. Many use box for bird houses. Postpaid $4.35. Hahn Cigar Co., Bay City, Mich. (3-2)

HOMESPUN tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, 90c prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-2)

Game, Birds and Animals

STOP—Read—1926 silver black fox pups. Also adults and proven breeders. Wonderful quality with right prices. Our stock is from prize winners and of the best blood lines obtainable in Canada. We own an eighty-five pair ranch, the largest and finest in Ohio. Let us give you our prices before buying elsewhere. Also have Raccoon, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Pheasants, Waterfowls and Grouse for sale. Hubers Reliable Silver Black Fox and Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (8x26)

SPORTSMEN that like fun, fur farming and farthings will do well by getting in touch with me. I raise heavy prize-winning Wausau Strain Standard Eastern Silver Black Foxes. 1927 pup contracts now open. Priced right. Dr. K. W. Baker, Owen, Wis. (3-2)

FOXES: The Northland Fox Exchange of Houghton, Mich., can save purchasers of silver black foxes big money. They watch conditions and represent breeders in some of the best fox breeding states. Write them. (3-2)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

BEST Coyote scent formula on earth, several best trap-set drawings; $1.00. 100 sets of good scent free with order. Trapper Bill, Kimama, Idaho. (3-2)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-4)

SPORTSMEN: Hunt Clubs. I sell wild cottontail, jack and snow shoe rabbits, grey and fox squirrels. Quail for stocking purposes. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Pa.

GUARANTEED genuine little English call drakes. Japanese Silkie Bantam roosters. Audley Russell, Tekamah, Nebraska. (3-4)

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, stock, hatching eggs. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-6)

GAME cocks, dead game fighters. W. E. Forrister, Framingham, Mass. (3-3)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

ALL kinds wild geese, ducks and brants, also Pheasants and English Call Ducks. Write, Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-2)

LIVE muskrats, black or brown, and a new trap for catching them alive. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 9, Chester, Pa.

PHEASANTS—English Ringnecks, Mongolians, Goldens. Also eggs in spring. Ringnecks 25 cents each, Mongolians 35, Golden 60. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (3-4)

FOR Sale—100 Buffalo all ages, deer, elk, bear. All kinds other animals. E. E. Johnson Auction Co., Canton, Ill.

FOR Sale. Foxes, raccoon, muskrats, rabbits, mink, ferrets, opossums, skunks, squirrels. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minn. (3-4)

SALE: Several mated pairs, Canada geese, excellent quality. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-4)

PHEASANTS — Mongolian, Silver, Golden, Lady Amherst, Melanotus, Linneated. Robinson Brothers, Aldershot, Ontario, Canada. (3-2)

PHEASANTS — Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

SPORTSMEN: I sell wild cotton tail, rabbits, squirrels, wild turkey, quail for stocking purposes. Tarman, Quincy, Penn. (3-2)

WILD Rabbits—Cottontails and Jacks, any number, priced right. Place orders early, live delivery. Earl Johnson, Rago, Kansas. (2x27)

FOR Sale—Ringneck Pheasant eggs for spring delivery. Eric L. Hoffman, Branch, Mich. (4-5)

FERRETS. Hand trained. Tame. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

JACK Rabbit, $2.50. Cottontail, $1. Ship quick. Webb, Protection, Kans.

PEAFOWL for sale. Long Branch Farm, South Boston, Va. (3-4)

SILVER foxes. Get my booklet. Write, Fred Alger, Waukau, Wis. (3-3)

Help Wanted

MEN, get forest ranger job; permanent; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap, etc.; experience unnecessary. For details write Norton, 236 McMann, Denver, Colo. (3-2)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, A-37, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

MEN wanting U. S. mail or forest ranger jobs, $125-$225 monthly; steady; experience unnecessary; details free. A. Bradford, 112 Bergen, Jersey City, N. J. (3-3)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

INDIAN beaded moccasins—genuine leather. State size. $2.00 and $2.50. Indian herb tablets, blood and liver regulator, $1.00 per box; sample, 10c. Fred Barth, 400 South 6th Street, Quincy, Ill. (XXX)

Miscellaneous

SALMON and trout fishing, also elk and stag shooting, interesting offers on application. Reliable information and service from experienced salmon fisher. Personally shot 76 elks. Best references. Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, Norway. Established 1880. (12-10)

MINERALS, ores, rock specimens. For outdoorsmen, prospectors, Boy Scouts. Special $3.00 and $5.00 educational field collections; attractive, compact. Catalog free. Southern Mineral Supply Company, Lexington, Ky. (3-2)

TRAPPERS attention—Use modern methods. Take skunks and other fur-bearers from dens without traps, smoke, water or digging. Instructions 50c. David Amstutz, Ransom, Kan. (3-2)

COLLECTIONS—Make 'em pay—My system will make them pay their bills. Write for the acid test. Literature free. Burleigh L. Horr, Horr and Omelia Block, Rhinelander, Wis. (3-2)

FOR Sale. One 30-03 Springfield rifle. Fine condition. $30.00. One Motorgo outboard motor. $65.00 Preston Fowler, Box 275, Gordon, Nebr.

HIGH Blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-2)

GLASS eyes for all purposes. Schoepfer, 16-18 West 36th St., New York. (3-2)

MEXICAN made pistol holsters; cartridge belts; lariats; carved holsters and belts; horse hair articles. Ingersoll Leather Co., 324 Fannin, Houston, Texas. (3-3)

HIGH boots won't leak. Used pair dozen years. Good yet. Get formula. Dollar. Guaranteed. F. Rudat, Box 236, Columbus, Nebr. (3-3)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

FORTUNES in mines and minerals. Ore specimen free. Minerals identified, $1.00. Buskett, Assayer, Joplin, Mo. (3-3)

NEW poison kills coyotes instantly. One dozen baits free. Trapper Bill, Kimama, Idaho. (3-3)

QUIT tobacco easily, inexpensively. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-3)

Music and Musical Instruments

VIOLINS, deep, mellow, soulful—on credit. Easy terms for wonderful instrument. Get details today. Gustav M. Henning, 2424 Gaylord St., Denver, Colo. (3-3)

VIOLINS $5.00 up. Catalog free. White's Musical Instruments, Youngstown, Ohio. (1x27)

Outing Equipment

KENWOOD Sleeping Bag—only been used twice—consists of two wool fillers and waterproof cover. Cost $45, will sell for $29. Glenn Kemp, Lexington, Ill.

SELL Super Fox, Smith, Prewar American Ten Bores, Fancy Scott 12. Bargains in hunting rifles, binoculars, camp stoves, firearms. List 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn.

STOP drowning! Fishermen, bathers, sea travelers; carry swimming belt, folds 4x5 inches, sustains rough water. Booklet free. Universal, 309 E. Fifth Avenue, New York. (3-4)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

VALUABLE instructions on trick photography 25c. Art catalog free. Victor Matusek, 1518 West 21st St., Chicago. (3-2)

Poultry

PLANS for Poultry Houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 105, Indianapolis, Ind. (4-4)

Printing and Stationery

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-3)

Rabbits

RAISE rabbits—It pays. Buy pedigreed stock. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-4)

WILD rabbits, cottontails and jacks, any number, priced right. Live delivery. For any purpose. Wm. Manjeot, Spivey, Kans.

PEDIGREED Flemish Giants, guaranteed. Close Rabbit Farm, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-3)

Real Estate

FOUR years ago I discovered while on a vacation through Northern Minnesota a wonderful lake. The Wife said this is the best fishing she ever had. Frequently we have gone back if for only a day. We camped on a point of land having about 1,800 feet of lake frontage. Beautiful pine trees surrounded us, at the water's edge, a cold bubbling spring, crystal clear. Back in the peaceful forest the ground covered with delicious blue berries and wild flowers. The location so appealing, so desirable, we purchased 294 acres intending to establish a private fishing and deer hunting camp. Now our business compels us to move from the state and this land is for sale at less than our cost and on terms. (Price $18.00 per acre.) 10 miles east of Itasca State Park and Jefferson Highway—good roads. Lots can be sold and much timber removed without destroying the desirability. A small payment will hold this bargain till you can inspect it next summer. If you are not satisfied, no sale and your money back. Write, W. H. Deubener, Deubener's Shopping Bag, St. Paul, Minn. (3-4)

CANADIAN Land sold for Taxes. $51.30 buys 12 acres in Muskoka. $67.50 buys 3 acres on Georgian Bay. $126.00 buys 50 acres hunting camp. $162.00 buys 100 acres lake front. $900.00 buys 640 acres, game preserve. These prices are not first payments, or the price per acre, but the total amount asked. Also beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps for moose, deer, caribou, ducks, partridge, trout, whitefish, bass, etc.; best in North America. Summer cottage sites, farms, heavily wooded tracts, acreages large and small, for pleasure and investment, all offered at ten cents on the dollar of their value, and on easy monthly payments of $5 and upwards. Illustrated list describing the above and hundreds of other properties seized and sold for taxes, mailed free on request. Send no money; send for a list at once, so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 606, 72 Queen Street, West, Toronto, 2, Ontario, Canada.

FOR Sale. Lake shore home. Nearly one acre of land. A beautiful piece of ground covered with matured trees. Pines. Arbor Vitaes. Hickory Catalpas and Larches. About 25,000 square feet of lawn. Shrubbery and flowers well placed. Garage with heat. Completely furnished, all modern, bungalow, 6 rooms and bath. Hot water heating plant. Hot and cold soft water. Fresh drinking water. Electric refrigeration and range. All cooking utensils. Beautiful fireplace. Radio. All furniture and rugs. First class. 3 miles from city of 50,000 in Southern Wisconsin. Price, $27,500.00. If interested write, Box 11, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. (XXX)

BEST duck shooting plantation on Cooper River, South Carolina. Only six miles from railroad. Two completely rebuilt brick houses with bath and artesian water, surrounded on all sides by the finest duck shooting in the United States. Good upland shooting, deer, quail and turkey. All banks in first class condition in every way. Price, $50,000. Dr. J. H. Marshall, 44 Court St., Brooklyn, New York, Owner. (3-3)

9,000 ACRES, Wisconsin hardwood land, in one township. Good soil, roads, lake and river frontage. Near railroads. Fine recreation grounds. $3.50 per acre. N. Emerson, 1222 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-4)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-4)

HUNTING lodge and summer camp. High and sightly. Deer and bear. 100 A. Sell or trade. F. D. Simpkins, Coudersport, Pa.

Real Estate—Cont'd

FOR Sale—320 acre relinquishment—irrigated—machinery, stock, hay, household furniture, etc., included. Emma L. Fullner, Box 297, Idaho Falls, Idaho. (3-3)

10 ACRES, cabin, well, Ozarks, hunting, fishing. $200.00. $10.00 monthly. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark. (3-4)

Stamp Collecting

STAMPS—106 different Foreign from Asia, Africa, Europe, etc., with Lists 10c. 50 different U. S. 10c. Fennell Stamp Co., Dept. OA, St. Louis, Mo. (3-4)

FREE 100 different to applicants sending postage. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-4)

QUALITY approval of 1c net stamps. Omar Hartman, 3803 Humboldt St., Denver, Colo. (3-2)

TRY Cole's approvals. They satisfy. Cole, 3019 Wallace St., Chicago. (3-4)

PENNY approvals that Satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-2)

Taxidermy

GAME Hunter: Life-like taxidermy. To be sure to get your trophies mounted true to nature, they should be mounted by Professor Stainsky. Skins made from your own skins by Master Furrier. Stainsky Fur Taxidermy Co., Colorado Springs, Colo. Our famous Chamois Tanning has no equal. (XXX)

FOR Sale. Rare newly mounted 37 point woodland Caribou head, double boon palms, a wonderful, perfect head. Mounted Elk and Deer heads. Antelope heads. Mountain sheep heads. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-3)

FOR Sale. Two large newly mounted moose heads, wide palms, perfect heads in every way. Reasonable prices. Reference, 2 years advertising in this magazine. Edwin Dixon, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-3)

TAXIDERMISTS—Mount that next head, fish or bird on American Beauty panels. Your customer will appreciate the difference. Catalogue free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-4)

MOUNTED Trout. Rainbow, Brook, Cutthroat. Beautiful, permanent, new Plaqued-chromatic mounts. Theo Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-4)

FOR Sale—Mounted and unmounted owls, hawks. Ole Williams, Grygla, Minn.

Travel

EARN trip to Europe. Organizing for lowest cost tours. 37 days $295. Allen Tours, 915 Little Bldg., Boston. (4-5)

Trees, Shrubbery and Plants

ALL kinds of seedlings for reforestation. Deciduous or evergreen. Nursery grown. Full line of fruit trees, shrubs, roses and plants. Low prices. Catalogue free. Established 1858. Fremont Nursery, Fremont, Ohio. (3-3)

Wanted

IF YOU have a patented or unpatented invention for sale, write, Hartley, 38 Court St., Bangor, Maine. (3-4)

WANTED. Old Colts and Remington Revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-3)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 69. (7-7)

WANTED to buy high class guns. Priced right. Redshaw, Granville, Ill. (3-4)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162B Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

Many an Indoor Man Thrills to the Great Outdoors—

MEN of business are just as loyal adherents of ADVENTURE as sea captains, ranchers and explorers. ADVENTURE is the unique magazine of adventure. It is genuine. Printed on fine paper, with a dignified cover and filled with stories of action and authentic literary quality, it is a magazine you'll be proud to have on your library table.

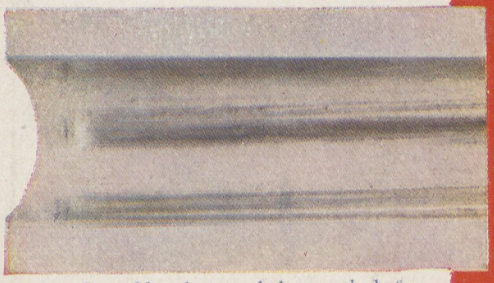
In the February issue, a remarkable novelette by Agnes C. Laut; a great sea story by Albert Richard Wetjen; another complete novelette by Arthur O. Friel and vigorous fiction by real writers of the outdoors.

Take Home a Copy Tonight

ADVENTURE

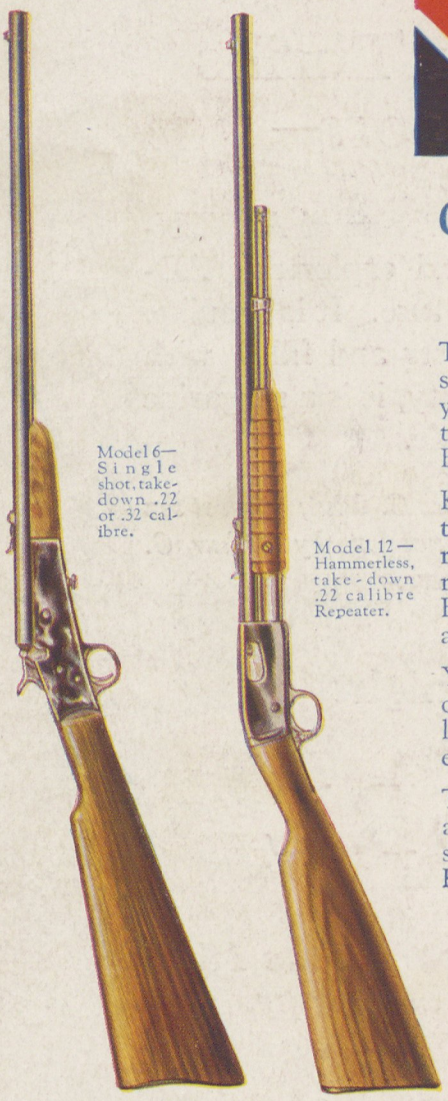
Published Twice-a-Month on the 1st and the 15th, and for sale everywhere at 25c a copy.

Barrel sawed lengthwise and photographed after shooting 30,000 rounds of ordinary ammunition —barrel carefully cleaned every time it was used. Accuracy fell off after 5,000 rounds.



Barrel sawed lengthwise and photographed after shooting 30,000 rounds of REMINGTON KLEANBORE CARTRIDGES. Barrel has never been cleaned. Accuracy unimpaired.

Remington KLEANBORE



Model 6—Single shot, take-down .22 or .32 calibre.

Model 12—Hammerless, take-down .22 calibre Repeater.

Good News for Sportsmen

REMINGTON KLEANBORE CARTRIDGES PREVENT RUST, PITTING, AND CORROSION

The latest Remington development is a boon to every man or boy who shoots a .22 rifle. It sounds too good to be true, to say that you may throw your cleaning rod away and still keep your rifle's accuracy unimpaired, and the bore free from rust; but that's exactly what REMINGTON KLEANBORE CARTRIDGES will enable you to do.

KLEANBORE CARTRIDGES differ from ordinary ammunition because the priming mixture does not contain salts that attract moisture and cause rust. It contains ingredients that seal the pores in the steel, so that it will not rust, corrode or pit. By keeping the bore in perfect condition, KLEANBORE CARTRIDGES will improve the velocity and accuracy of your rifle and prolong its life.

You can easily prove this for yourself: just give the inside of your rifle barrel one thorough cleaning with boiling water to remove all traces of the salts left by ordinary ammunition; then shoot REMINGTON KLEANBORE exclusively and you will not be troubled with rust, pitting, or corrosion.

Test this out for yourself now. Ask your dealer for this marvelous new ammunition that costs no more than the ordinary kind. He has it in .22 shorts, longs, and long-rifles. You will know it by the name REMINGTON KLEANBORE on the green box.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.
25 Broadway *Established 1816* New York City

Remington

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